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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE NEAR EAST

DESCRIBING the situation in the Near East, *The Nation and the Athenæum* observes: —

Though there is nothing yet which resembles the Volga famine in the unimaginable magnitude of its misery, war has scourged all the populations of the Near East, and we are ignorant rather than innocent in the matter. Bulgaria (not to mention the survivors of earlier migrations) has on her soil just now about 300,000 fugitives from Serbian persecution in Macedonia, and about 200,000 who have fled from Greek rule in Thrace. At Salonica you will find encamped some tens of thousands of Greek refugees from various Turkish persecutions, dying out, in spite of the care of the American Red Cross, at an incredible rate. Constantinople and its suburbs are full of Turks who have fled from Greek massacres in Asia Minor, leaving their slaughtered families and their burned villages behind them. Armenians from Cilicia are scattered in Smyrna, Cyprus, and other minor refuges. Armenians from the Eastern vilayets are in Persia. In addition to all these, there are Russians everywhere, the remnants of Wrangel's and Denikin's armies, and the civilians who fled with them. There are empty towns and deserted fields where these miserable people once had homes, and if the process of formal war and mutual massacre should go much further, the inevitable famine in Turkey will differ from that on the Volga only in the sense that a swifter death by bullet or steel will be open to many thousands as a merciful alternative to hunger. For years this process of depopulation has been going on. In 1913 we saw the camp at Salonica filled with Turkish fugitives from Greek misrule. An American eye-witness described to us lately the same camp, among the same sandhills, as it was toward the end of 1920, but filled this time with Greek fugitives from Turkish revenge. No race is guiltier than another, and none is happier than another.

L'Europe Nouvelle prints a symposium upon the Balkans and the Near East by leading representatives of the nations directly interested. George Glasgow expresses the British attitude as follows: 'England demands that the Smyrna district be granted local autonomy, and that Thrace as far as the Enos-Midia line remain part of Greece; but the Allies must decide these questions jointly.' A member of the Angora delegation writes: 'The statistics of the Greek and Turkish population of these districts show that Greece has no claim to Smyrna or to Thrace. Turkey has no other object to-day except to devote herself, in the full exercise of her political and economic independence, to the labors of peace.' Mr. Frangulis, the Minister of Greece at Paris, and the representative of that country in the Conference of Ambassadors, urges that, unless she has effective and real guaran-

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ties, 'Greece cannot leave her own sons in the hands of people whose unfitness to govern other races has been demonstrated by centuries of misrule.' A Bulgarian of high official position thus voices the grievances of his country: 'Greece has a multitude of seaports, but she is depriving Bulgaria of her only window toward the open ocean, albeit that window is in territory which from a geographical and economic point of view is indivisible from southern Bulgaria, and which ethnographically does not belong to Greece.' A Serb of high position declares that 'Serbia considers she entered the European War in 1914 a sovereign state, possessing definitely defined boundaries. She cannot submit to any contraction of her original territory.' Last of all, the delegation of the 'Armenian Republic' presents the case of this harried race as follows: 'Armenia demands the establishment of an Armenian state as provided for in the Sèvres Treaty, financial assistance, the guardianship of a mandatory power belonging to the League of Nations, and adequate protection for the Christian minorities in Turkey.'

Under the heading, 'The Despotism in Angora,' the London *Times* publishes a despatch from its Constantinople correspondent, apropos of the fifth resignation from the Angora Cabinet since the first of December, calling attention to an alleged split among the Turkish Nationalists. Apparently this is over the proposed reform of the Angora Constitution, which was defeated last December by the personal intervention of Mustafa Kemal. Since the Provisional Government was established at Angora, almost dictatorial authority has gradually been concentrated in the hands of Kemal Pasha, just reëlected political chief and commander of the army. The proposed reforms were intended to limit the powers of this officer and restore to the elective assembly more control over the Government. This attempt was defeated and the champions of civil government and liberal institutions have been removed in quick succession from posts of authority. Nevertheless, the Anatolians are said to be restive, and sudden changes may occur in the political scene. Recent rumors of Mustafa Kemal's assassination, though proved to be false, are possibly symptoms of this discontent.

POPE PIUS XI

ACCORDING to *L'Europe Nouvelle* the new Pope is a Francophile.

It is no secret to anyone that his elevation to the Papacy was desired by the Quai d'Orsay. That was a French success. In 1915, when Italy entered the war, did he not regret that his age and office prevented him from shouldering a rifle to fight the hated *Tedesco?*

Frankfurter Zeitung, in commenting upon his election, says that Germany is vitally interested in its international aspects.

We need only recall French propaganda in the Rhine Country, the plans that the French are already laying to control the plebiscite in the Saar Valley twelve years from now, and the Danzig and Polish corridor. These districts have preponderantly a Catholic population, and in them the influence of the Catholic clergy is very powerful. We easily understand, therefore, the efforts which France is making to have a pliant tool appointed to the bishopric of Treves, or to secure the separation of the Saar Valley from the diocese of Treves and its annexation to the diocese of Metz. What will be the attitude of the Pope in these international questions? All the statements which his friends have made concerning his activities in Warsaw indicate that he was in complete sympathy with Poland. His reports as nuncio were regarded in Vatican circles as so pro-Polish that the Curia felt compelled to send Monsigner Ogno to Oppeln as a compensating influence, in order

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to assure its non-partisan representation in the Upper Silesian controversy.

It should be borne in mind, however, that a proposal to break off diplomatic relations with the Vatican came within two votes of passing in the Polish Parliament, and that the Vatican was facing a very delicate situation in that country. Furthermore, the new Pope is an intimate friend of prominent German churchmen, and the German Cardinals are said to have favored his election.

The *Spectator* predicts closer relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal under the new Pope, and the *Outlook* comments as follows upon his election: —

The Holy See seems to have entered upon a new era with the reign of Pius XI, who is described to me, by a diplomat who had delicate dealings with him in Warsaw after the Armistice, as most intelligent, most determined and unconventional, and most reckless of precedent among all the Pontiffs the Church has raised up for centuries. It is an immemorial custom for the new Pope, as his first official act, to place a red hat on the head of a Prelate led to him by the Cardinals who have just elected him; Pius did not like the man, so he calmly placed the red hat in his pocket, and then coolly ordered his astounded entourage to break the precedent of fifty years and lead him to the outer balcony of St. Peter's that he might bless the crowd. These two acts, it seems, may be taken as symbols of greater things to come. While a Cardinal, His Holiness settled several political crises in Warsaw greatly to the advantage of the Church, and by bold and independent diplomacy did much to keep the peace in Upper Silesia. His intervention calmed riots in Milan last year that threatened serious bloodshed, and the warring men and masters accepted his arbitration in an industrial dispute. A Pope with an exceptional brain, fortified by iron will and courage, can do much not only for his Church but for the world, and those good Catholics who know something of the electioneering that goes on in Conclaves, and how the stronger candidates are usually set aside, may be pardoned if they regard the election of Pius as a miracle.

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PRESS FREEDOM IN IRELAND

THE *Dublin Weekly Freeman*, which has always been strongly Sinn Fein, but supports the 'Free State' or Griffith Party, prints the following editorial protest against recent attacks upon the freedom of the press in Ireland: —

During the last few weeks we have reported in our columns a series of attempts to stifle and punish the free expression of opinion in the public press by the application of the rule of force. The *Cork Examiner* has been compelled to print statements under duress; the machinery of the *Clonmel Nationalist* was dismantled and its editorial and printing staffs thrown out of employment for weeks; an English journalist was kidnapped in Dublin and conveyed to Cork under escort by armed men acting independently of the authority of the Irish Government. Last week a member of the reporting staff of this paper was seized at Westport on the ground that his report of a sermon by the Archbishop of Tuam misrepresented the facts. He was arrested without a warrant, examined before a tribunal composed exclusively of military officers, and only as a result of the intervention of the central authorities was he permitted to return to Dublin 'under open arrest.' He has now been released.

We do not propose at this stage to inquire into the merits of the charge against our representative. The Archbishop of Tuam, who is assuredly the best judge of the correctness of the statements attributed to him in our columns, has described the report as accurate, and added that Mr. Tobin impressed him as a journalist who was most anxious to discharge his duty with impartiality. Even were the case against our reporter as strong as it is weak, the methods adopted by his prosecutors would have been absolutely indefensible. The offense, if an offense had been committed, was a matter for a civil court, not for a military tribunal. In a state of war military officers are entitled to take drastic action, but Sinn Fein courts are

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now functioning openly and without interference, and it is as grave a piece of contempt for their authority as it is an invasion of the rights of the press that reliance should have been placed simply on the 'strong hand.'

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CONDITIONS IN INDIA

INDIAN unrest is receiving increased attention from the British Press. The *Daily Telegraph* features a speech by Lord Ronaldshay, Governor of Bengal, at the Calcutta Trades Association, the middle of February, in which the seriousness of the Indian problem is unflinchingly presented. This speaker said: —

It would be the height of unwisdom to close one's eyes to the gravity of the situation with which not the Government only, but society in the widest meaning of that term, is now faced. It seems desirable to call attention to this, because there still appear to be quite a number of people who, in spite of all that has happened, in spite of the resort to violence which has characterized the non-coöperation movement in Malabar, Malegaon, Giridih, Aligarh, Bombay, and many other places, have not yet grasped the seriousness or nearness of the danger with which the country is threatened.

One thought in this address will probably be novel to American readers. It is well known that the Home Rule movement has been greatly strengthened by the coöperation of the normally antagonistic Mohammedans and Hindus. Lord Ronaldshay asserted that the Moslems were conceiving a new ambition — not only to throw off British rule, but to reimpose their own rule upon the Hindus, whose masters they were before Great Britain's representatives subdued India in the eighteenth century. The Hindus and the Moslems are each firmly convinced that they are using the others to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and a fearful clash between the two faiths is predicted if the destinies of India are left in their joint charge.

The *New Statesman* urges that the Gandhi movement is neither national nor democratic, because democracy is a Western invention with which Gandhi and his followers have little sympathy. We must not confound the self-government movement with the liberal and democratic movements of Europe fifty years ago. The gropings of India toward independence are inspired by motives of a very different order.

Already the tribes on the Northwest Frontier are agog with excitement over the rumor that the white men are going and that the rich plains will soon lie open for adventure. Already, it is stated, some of the rulers of the Native States are marking out the areas which they will annex when the chaos which they foresee comes to pass.

The *Spectator* advocates dealing sternly with Mr. Gandhi: —

It is not as though India were Egypt. In Egypt a dazzling offer was made to the extremists and was then withdrawn. There is something to be said, therefore, for the view that in Egypt there must be large concessions — such concessions as, but for our past policy, would have been considered unsafe. But in India it is quite otherwise. Promises were unnecessarily made, yet the promises were fully carried out. The Legislative Assembly is an existing fact, and Indians have only to work it properly in order ultimately to be allowed to proceed further, to obtain a native majority, and to become supreme. The Legislative Assembly is much more truly representative of India as a whole than any Congress can be. Indians, in brief, have no grievances whatever, or rather we should say that if they have a grievance it is that the British Government, neglectful of their duty, have failed to protect innocent persons. According to the newspapers, moderate Indians are everywhere asking how soon the Government will reassert themselves and again make India a safe place.

Curiously enough these discussions of political unrest deal almost exclusively

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with its political aspects. We discover only occasional allusions to possible social and economic grievances behind the Indian movement, such as those described in our issue of March 11.

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THE 'Y' ON THE RHINE

WE have received a communication from a Y.M.C.A. worker apropos of a paragraph quoted in the *Living Age* of January 28 from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, criticizing the Y.M.C.A. in the occupied territories as 'an oppressive institution' to the support of which Germany was obliged to contribute, although it is technically no part of the Army of Occupation for which alone that country is obligated under the Treaty to pay. This correspondent writes: —

The work of the Y.M.C.A. with the troops in Germany is paid for by the gifts of the American people, quarters being requisitioned for it by the Army. The question of sending to the German Government through our War Department a charge for this service to our troops was brought before the Executive Committee of the War Work Council and was rejected. In this connection we have the statements of staff officers of the American Expeditionary Forces in Germany, that if the Association did not carry on the welfare programme for the men in Germany, the Army would have to do it, in which case the bill would of course be paid by Germany and the buildings now in use, or those of equal capacity, would be requisitioned at her expense.

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A ZITA INTERVIEW

APROPOS of the article we print this week describing the effort of Charles of Hapsburg to recover the Hungarian throne last October, the following paragraph from an interview which the former Empress Zita gave to Jules Sauerwein, a representative of the *Paris Matin*, is of interest. Describing her airplane journey from Switzerland to Hungary last October, Zita said: —

Indeed it was decidedly exciting. The trip from Hertenstein to Zurich in the automobile was no simple matter. Our chamberlain, Count Ledochovski, accompanied us. We had told him nothing of our plans, in order not to excite him. We were halfway to our destination before the Emperor mentioned them. The good fellow was nearly prostrated. He kept saying over and over again: 'Are you in earnest? No, you cannot be in earnest!' Some bicyclists recognized us and we fancied that our intention was discovered. When we arrived at the aviation field, the pilot informed us that the weather would make the trip a bad one. In spite of that we got in, and a few minutes later were ten thousand feet in the air. Both the Emperor and I were dizzy. When we were over Bavaria the motor began to give trouble. Our pilot, Zimmerman, looked at us curiously. I knew what he was thinking. He fancied we suspected that he was trying to force us to land in Bavaria. He made a tremendous effort to get us across the Bavarian-Austrian border. We were almost frozen. I had no furs, but only a leather coat, for I fancied that too warm clothing might be bad for me. We were suddenly told: 'Don't smoke; the gasoline is leaking.' Finally, after several exciting experiences, Vienna came into view. We saw Schönbrunn and our Laxenburg Castle, where we spent so many happy days. It brought back painful memories. We flew over Vienna-Neustadt and reached Hungary. Here we had a painful disappointment. Some misunderstanding as to the day of our arrival prevented the big fire, which was to indicate our landing-place, from being lighted; so we circled in the air unnecessarily for three quarters of an hour. Finally our pilot decided to land; but not at the right place, and thus we lost several hours more.

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ARCHDUKE FERDINAND

A COLLECTION of papers left by Professor Heinrich Lammasch, the distinguished Austrian pacifist and tutor of the late Emperor Charles, — and the

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latter's Foreign Minister, — has just been published at Vienna. *Arbeiter Zeitung* quotes passages from this volume, describing the Archduke Ferdinand, whose assassination precipitated the war. Describing his interviews with the former, Professor Lammasch wrote:—

His appearance was not winning, largely on account of his very low forehead. His eyes were peculiarly cold, and almost repellent, though when he became excited, as often happened, they would light up. He was perfectly natural in his demeanor, and made himself very pleasant to me. I could easily understand, however, that he might be very disagreeable when angry. He discussed high personages in the Government with unsparing frankness. Before he knew me at all well, during my first or second audience, he mentioned the Minister of War in most abusive terms, and spoke unfavorably of Aehrenthal. He had a quick perception and a keen intellect. He impressed one as a very impulsive and inconstant man. He showed only a brief interest in the questions which he had called me in to discuss, although they were of the utmost importance for him; but military matters, and particularly art topics, evidently occupied his mind more constantly. . . . His relations with the old Kaiser were obviously strained. . . . At our first interview he discussed the probable death of Francis-Joseph, interjecting constantly, 'which God forbid,' or 'if it unhappily occurs,' though these parentheses were clearly affectations. In our later talks he left them out altogether. . . . He had no knowledge whatever of law and jurisprudence. He did not know the first rudiments of private law or even public law.

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'METAPSYCHOLOGY'

SOMETHING approaching a sensation has been produced at the Paris Academy of Sciences by the bringing forward, for the first time in the history of this learned body, of the occult sciences as a subject of discussion. This was done by one of that body's most illustrious members, Professor Charles Richet, who submitted a volume of more than eight hundred pages, entitled *Traité de Metapsychique*, presenting the results of many years' labor. The book is dedicated to the memory of Sir William Crookes and Frederick Myers. The latter, it will be recalled, was one of the founders and most eminent members of the Psychic Research Society. The subject is considered of such public interest in France that *Le Matin* is organizing what is called 'A Psychic Competition,' which will take the form of an inquiry into spiritualism. *L'Opinion* has already printed a symposium on this and allied subjects, extending through several issues. The technique of medium investigation is being debated seriously by men of scientific standing. Professor Richet told his audience at the Academy that he had studied and observed for himself and was content to indicate the facts. According to a press account of the meeting, he argued that if these facts were contested, then

it was because those who disputed them had not sufficiently distinguished between what was contradictory and what was unusual, and Professor Richet requested that his book should be read before he was judged. Though the study he had undertaken might be considered audacious, it had to be made, he said. He had had the courage to make it, and he concluded, amid the plaudits of his listeners, that the courage of the savant was to say what he believed to be the truth. The Academicians were so deeply interested in this monumental work on occult science that long after the sitting had ended they remained behind and read and discussed it.

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AMONG the entertaining press rumors from America recently circulated in Great Britain, is one to the effect that Mr. Hearst has bought the *Christian Science Monitor*.

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A HAPSBURG THRONE-CHASE

BY DR. GUSTAV GRATZ

[*The following account of the futile effort of Charles of Hapsburg to recover the throne of Hungary, last October, is from the pen of one of his Royalist companions during that episode.*]

From *Pester Lloyd, January* 29
(CONSERVATIVE GERMAN HUNGARIAN DAILY)

THOSE fateful days of last October, when the Royal Couple were in Hungary, will remain indelibly engraved upon the memory of those who shared their fortunes at that time. They will flash before our mental vision like a succession of dazzling, startling episodes upon a film. Only, in this case, no laboriously worked out and artificial plot, but a romance of reality was enacted. It is yet too early to write the political history of that period. All that we can record to-day — at least all that deserves relating — is the human aspect of the drama. I propose to reproduce here selected scenes from that experience which seem worthy of preservation.

The story opened on a broad prairie in the neighborhood of the castle of the noble family of Cziraky, where a christening had brought together a great and illustrious company. The eminent Bishop of Szombathely, Count Mikes, had performed the ceremony — happy to have an excuse for spending a few days away from his episcopal palace, where common gossip constantly connected him with royal conspiracies of which he knew nothing and wished to know nothing. Here, on the Deneska estate of Cziraky, he felt himself safe for a few days from suspected implication in politics. But he was only jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

On Sunday, October 20, the guests at the castle took a country ride; no servants or attendants accompanied them. The host, Count Cziraky, himself drove the carriage. Arriving in a fine broad meadow, the party halted. A few minutes later its members heard the hum of a motor high above them, and watched with idle curiosity until the plane came into sight. Soon it was visible, apparently approaching the meadow to seek a landing. A few minutes later it glided down in the immediate vicinity. The company hastened to meet the party which alighted — a lady and two men. Conceive their astonishment upon discovering that they were greeting the King and Queen of Hungary. No one expected them; they had literally dropped from the sky. They were at once taken to the carriage, and Count Cziraky drove them to Kenyer Castle, whence they proceeded a few hours later to Sajtoskal. On their way they met the carriage of Count and Countess Andrassy, who had separated from the rest of the party and were taking a ride alone. Greetings were exchanged, but the distance was so great that Count Andrassy did not recognize the King. He wondered who the lady in the carriage was. The Countess said, 'Probably the new governess,' and they drove on unconcerned.

An hour later Stephan Rakovssky and I arrived at Oedenburg. We had been notified the previous day that the King would land at this point on November 20. We were requested to meet

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him there; and we decided after some deliberation that it was our duty to do so, and to offer our services, in order that he might not be surrounded exclusively by military advisers when he first arrived on Hungarian soil. When we reached Oedenburg, we inquired for news of Charles's arrival, but could learn nothing. We had no acquaintances in the town, so we wandered around aimlessly until eight o'clock that night, when we chanced to meet Major Ostenburg, who asserted confidently that the King had not come; for if he had done so, he — Ostenburg — would surely know it. Tired out with our journey, we went to a hotel and retired early — about ten o'clock. Toward midnight someone knocked at my door. I opened it, and an officer entered my room. He reported that the King and Queen were in Hungary, and that Ostenburg would immediately leave to meet them. If we desired, we could join him; an automobile was waiting in front of the hotel. We were amazed at this news. We expected the King. But the Queen! How had she come to venture the dangerous trip by air? In ten minutes we were dressed and seated in the automobile. The moon was at its full, and the hour's trip to our destination was indescribably beautiful and romantic.

We had two machines. Ostenburg rode with us, sitting beside the chauffeur. The other machine was packed to the limit by a squad of a dozen of Ostenburg's jägers, who were to serve as a royal guard. We spun over the highway, brilliantly lighted by the moon, at full speed. But before we reached the first village along the route, our automobile lost a wheel, which bounded away in long sweeping curves until it disappeared into a ditch. A bad omen. We changed automobiles. The *Jaguare*, as the people here call the Ostenburg jägers, were to follow later. We reached the place where the Royal Couple were stopping in about an hour, passing on the way at full speed several gendarme posts. The King and Queen had established themselves at a small village, in a building that looked like a ruined castle. The proprietor was absent and the place had been requisitioned without his consent. Mysterious servants tiptoed through the rooms, which were dimly lighted by petroleum lamps, serving liquor and cake. Everyone walked on tiptoe, because the King and Queen had retired. Baron Lehar received us. He was now a general, having been given his commission by the King a few hours before. We had a short discussion over a map, and decided that the Royal Couple must be taken to Oedenburg immediately. Once there, Ostenburg would vouch for their safety.

We roused the King about 2 A.M., and he promised to be with us in an hour. Promptly at 3 A.M. he appeared with the Queen. There were greetings all round. After this we had a hurried breakfast in the dining-room, and left in our automobiles. The glorious moonlight still continued. In the distance we could descry the lurid glow of a fire in a distant village; apparently a straw stack was burning. We hastened on, speeding past the gendarme posts, at any one of which we might have been halted. However, the guards retired diffidently when Ostenburg shouted his name. The King sat inside the car, with the Queen at his right. She remarked that the next day was a family anniversary, — the tenth anniversary of their wedding, — exclaiming gayly, 'How fine it is to spend a day like that in our own country.' We inquired about their air trip, which was the first that the King and Queen had made. We learned later from the pilot that it was 'a bad trip,' but that the Queen did not lose her nerve even in

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the most critical emergency. Ostenburg remained silent during our conversation. He had a heavy responsibility, and did not know where he could find accommodations in Oedenburg for his royal guests. Nothing had been prepared for them.

The hands of the town clock were pointing exactly at five when we whizzed through the still deserted streets and halted in the courtyard of Ostenburg's barracks. The King and Queen and their suite were taken temporarily to the officers' mess. It was a large, bare room. In the centre stood a table with a soiled tablecloth; around the walls were several high, uncomfortable chairs. We settled down here as well as we could. Everyone was frightfully tired, the Royal Couple most of all. They had not yet rested from the strain of their nerve-trying four-and-a-half hours in the air. No one was in a mood to talk, but each did his best to keep the conversation going. A deaf orderly served a frugal breakfast: tea, bread, and slices of sausage. We ate rather to pass the time than to satisfy our hunger. Everyone was much relieved when Colonel Ostenburg appeared soon after seven o'clock, and reported that rooms were ready for Their Majesties. We crossed the barracks court. The men who were cleaning the yard stared at us curiously, but apparently none of them recognized the King and Queen.

That afternoon things looked more cheerful. We had a big military parade. The soldiers were fine, stalwart fellows, who drilled with a snap that recalled the days before the war. No wonder that Entente officers reported Ostenburg's battalion — which had now been rechristened the 'Jäger Guards' — the best troops in Hungary. I stood a little apart, near the street entrance of the barracks, watching the parade. A group of curious citizens stood before the entrance. A moment later the King and Queen appeared. When the crowd in the street saw the Monarch's slender form, I heard someone exclaim with astonishment: 'That 's surely the King!' There was an excited murmur, followed by wild cheering. The Queen joined a charming group of young girls clad in Hungarian garb, who surrounded her affectionately, as if she were an elder sister. The King took his position to review the regiment, which marched past with military music. The oath of allegiance followed. When I left the barracks court an hour later, every person in the city knew the King had arrived. The news had spread like wildfire, and that evening, on his departure, the square in front of the railway station was packed with people who wished to witness this historical event.

Our journey from Oedenburg to Torbagy was a series of animated scenes. At Raab we had an enthusiastic reception, a great crowd of people greeting the Royal Couple. The troops were drawn up on parade and took the oath of allegiance. The King and Queen inspected them amidst enthusiastic cheering. Then we continued our journey. At every station we passed that evening we saw the same picture — a dimly lighted platform with the garrison drawn up upon it, brisk, sharp commands, solemn repetition of the oath of allegiance, and loud cheering for the King and Queen. Our train reached Torbagy the following morning. It was Sunday. An open-air mass had been arranged for the troops. The King and Queen and all the others present knelt on the hard, dusty pavement of the station square. Then deputations and curious visitors from neighboring places were presented to His Majesty.

Notwithstanding this, our officers had care-furrowed countenances. Contrary to expectation, they were meeting with resistance. Someone reported

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that shooting had been heard. Our friends tried to quiet our apprehension by telling us that these were merely salutes, that a few soldiers had fired their rifles in the air. None the less we could see that the situation was growing tenser every hour. By dinner time we were all conscious of the general depression; everybody was downcast, conversation lagged. At last the Queen rallied. Ordinarily she talks very little and is of a rather shy and retiring temperament. But on this occasion she brought up one subject after another, exhibiting every sign of courage and confidence. Involuntarily the company took its tone from her. While we were dining, the first wounded were brought to the railway station. The King at once rose and announced his intention to hasten immediately to the front and stop the bloodshed. The Queen was the first to volunteer to accompany him. Orders were issued to fire up the locomotive, so that the Royal Couple and their attendants might depart. Late that evening they returned with the information that an armistice had been agreed upon and that negotiations for a definite truce would begin the next morning.

Monday forenoon was occupied with these arrangements. We did not know what the real situation was. Those who had taken part in the meeting the previous day reported that the temporary truce was to continue until a permanent truce had been arranged. However, a messenger from the Government forces arrived during the night with a communication written in pencil on a half-sheet of paper, stating that the truce would terminate at five the following morning, and would not be renewed except for the period while the negotiations for a permanent truce were under way. It was already too late to take counter measures. The same message notified us that the negotiations for a permanent armistice would begin promptly at eight o'clock Monday morning, in the railway station at Törökbalint. When we reached there at eight o'clock, we learned that the representatives of the Government had been informed that the negotiations were to begin at half-past seven at Esiki-Major, a quarter of an hour's journey from the railway station, and that they were impatiently awaiting our arrival. The path there led across a cultivated field, which was very soft on account of the rain which had fallen the previous night. Several Ostenburg jägers accompanied us. The negotiations lasted until half-past nine. Before we had signed the protocol, a squad of Government troops forced their way into the courtyard of the country house where we were, disarmed all but two of our Ostenburg jägers, and led them off prisoners. When we returned to the railway station, we saw with our own eyes a larger detachment of the jägers, who were marching past without any suspicion of what was to occur, suddenly surrounded and dealt with in the same way. At the station we mounted the locomotive and tender which had brought us to Törökbalint and hastened back to Torbagy.

Immediately upon my arrival at Torbagy I reported to His Majesty, whose first word was that bloodshed must under all circumstances be prevented. An officer was directed to write out an order to cease firing, and not to return the fire of the Government's troops. The King waited patiently until this order was prepared, then signed it and sent an officer to deliver it at once to the commander of his forces. That ended the fighting. On this occasion also the Queen retained her composure and self-possession, inspiring us with new confidence. Before there was an opportunity to say that we had failed, she exclaimed, in a reso-

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lute voice: 'Don't despair, sooner or later the Monarch we have crowned will reascend his throne.'

None the less, the situation kept growing worse. A shot struck the train, piercing the window next to the one where I was seated. General Lehar made preparations to have the train taken back down the line. We left in such haste that there was no time to get Count and Countess Andrassy, who had gone to a neighboring village to bathe. They did not reach the station until after the train had left, and with great difficulty secured an automobile, in which they followed us, determined under all circumstances to share the fortunes of the Royal Couple. Our depression was aggravated by our physical discomfort. It was already Monday noon, and we had had no opportunity to change our clothing, or to wash, since Friday. Even a basin of clean water would have seemed the acme of earthly luxury. The railway compartment, in which we were already spending our fourth day, was indescribably filthy. The cushions were full of vermin; the windows were opaque with dirt. We had no bedding of any kind.

We returned from Torbagy to Tata in the same car with the Royal Couple. We tried to put the best face possible on the situation. Again the Queen took the lead. She kept referring to the almost religious reverence which the Hungarian people felt for the Crown of Stephan, testified to so enthusiastically during the preceding days at Oedenburg, Raab, and Komorn. It was not a question of King Charles himself; the Holy Crown of Stephan would eventually triumph. Consequently, the military reverse meant nothing; that was only a new test to which God had subjected the Royal Couple — and also the Hungarian nation.

Our train dragged itself along slowly without any definite destination. When we left Torbagy, it was reported that we would withdraw only to Bicske, the next station. Later we had an idea of going back to Oedenburg. However, circumstances developed which made it seem advisable to stop at Tata Castle, one of the seats of Count Franz Esterhazy, who was aboard the royal train. About twelve o'clock that day we reached the neighborhood of Felsogalla. We had had no breakfast; there was not a particle of food aboard the train, even for the King and Queen. At a little way station we finally succeeded in buying a few slices of Krakow sausage; they were brought in on a piece of paper and presented to the Queen, who shared the scanty meal with the rest of us. That was the court dinner of October 24.

Finally we reached Tata, where General Paul Hegedus called for three cheers for the King and Queen. He then took leave of us, to return a few hours later as official negotiator for the Government.

Enough has already been written and told of our stop at Tata. The first exciting night — when Count Franz Esterhazy stood on the threshold of his castle in his nightshirt, with a hand grenade in his hand, to keep a band of ruffians from breaking in — has already been described in Parliament. I have told elsewhere the story of the second night and the excitement of our arrest, and our departure for Tihany. Orders had come that the King should only take the most necessary servants with him to that place. No other companions were permitted. Count Franz Esterhazy at once declared himself ready to shave off his moustache, in order to accompany the Monarch as his valet. Countess Esterhazy planned to disguise herself as a maid, so that she might attend the Queen. One of the Ostenburg officers, Captain Gebhardt, actually had his moustache shaved off,

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intending to go with them as bodyguard. Eventually, however, permission came for Count Esterhazy and his wife and the Ostenburg officer to accompany His Majesty in their proper characters.

Early on Monday we started. Again the Hungarian people revealed their best and most attractive traits. In spite of the fact that all was lost, the Royal Couple were greeted everywhere with respect, and were even cheered at the railway station. At Tihany a moving-picture man was awaiting their arrival and began to grind on his machine as soon as they appeared. An Ostenburg officer in the King's suite sprang forward and placed himself directly in front of the apparatus, so that the film could show nothing of the sad ceremonial except a view of his back.

Tihany Abbey looked like a great jail. A gendarme with fixed bayonet was stationed before our door. We thought at first he was a guard of honor, until we observed that he followed us everywhere; then we realized that we were prisoners.

We were permitted to join the Royal Couple only on the first evening; after that we were separated. However we were allowed to see Their Majesties whenever the latter wished; which was several times a day. We were not permitted to buy newspapers, so the King invited us in mornings to read his copies. Important political questions were discussed, but with a certain restraint, for secret police were stationed in the corridors outside the door. We caught one with his ear applied to the keyhole, listening so intently that he had not heard a companion warning him from behind.

After that, when we conversed upon important matters, the King would walk up and down the room heavily, making as much noise as possible in front of the corridor door, so that our conversation might not be heard outside. This happened two or three times a day for the four days we were there. The Queen took part in our political conferences, and her courage never wavered. But when a decision was to be made, His Majesty acted alone. Several guests arrived: Prince Cardinal Esernoch, before whom the Royal Couple knelt to receive his blessing; Count Apponyi, and Count Szecsen, who brought us the first reports of the state of public sentiment in Budapest. One among the visitors was a general, who brought Her Majesty a wreath of chrysanthemums, and also made the surprising announcement to the King that he had sent reënforcements to the Government troops who had been fighting him. Naturally this brought his visit to an abrupt and painful termination.

Monday evening, at seven o'clock, the King and Queen departed. I feared, especially after Count Andrassy and Stephan Rokovssky were refused permission to say farewell to His Majesty, that I likewise might have no opportunity to bid him adieu. For that reason every time we parted we felt that it might be for the last time. However, things turned out better than I dared hope. Just before the Royal Couple left, I was summoned to them. They were already dressed for the journey, and our parting made me profoundly melancholy.

A few minutes later I returned to my room, which was virtually my prison. Soon I heard the watch summoned to arms, and automobiles depart. That closed the royal drama so far as I was a witness to it or an actor in it.

What followed was merely an afterplay. One more day spent at Tihany, as strictly guarded as though Their Majesties themselves remained — a day of deadly ennui for me in my unheated room with its broken windows.

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I managed to kill time by reading some English novels that the Queen had left behind. Then I was taken in an automobile to Budapest and put in prison. When the door of my cell closed behind me, I threw myself down upon the bunk and burst into a paroxysm of hysterical laughter. It was thus that the nervous tension of the last few days relieved itself.

WHAT I SAW IN MOROCCO

BY SUPERINTENDING ENGINEER SORG

From *Berliner Tageblatt, January* 21–31
(Liberal Daily)

It is eight o'clock at night. The steamer is a scene of busy activity. Cables are thrown off from the wharf at Malaga. The siren shrieks and the gangplank is hauled aboard. A military band on shore plays the Spanish National Hymn. The throng of spectators on the wharf and the passengers on deck uncover. Farewells are shouted and thousands of hands wave parting greetings. An unusual number of women are in the crowd that watches us depart, for most of the passengers are soldiers leaving for the Morocco front. Many a slender officer and good-natured, boyish soldier is already doomed to a lonely grave in Africa.

I look up my stateroom, which I share with two Spanish officers, and, wearied with the crowded experiences of the past few days, am soon sound asleep. When I awaken the sunlight is shining through the port and I can see the ruddy coast of Africa a mile or so distant. Quickly dressing and reaching the deck, I discover that we are coasting close along the shores of Morocco. It is a gray, rugged land with many sharp mountain peaks that reveal not the slightest trace of vegetation. Often the mountains descend precipitously to the sea. We round a lofty promontory, and Melilla appears ahead. Our first view is of the old city, perched on a high plateau, with its many towers and its powerful citadel. Then, farther to the left, the new town, built along a sweep of beach, comes into our line of vision. The whole city is white, its chalk-like houses dazzling the eye in the bright morning sunshine. Our steamer enters a port which is much too small for its traffic, and after eleven hours at sea I place my foot for the first time upon the soil of Africa.

Army material of every description is heaped high upon the wharves. No accommodations are available at the Hotel España, where I had reserved a room, or at the Hotel Reina Victoria. The military men have taken possession of everything. There is no other passable stopping-place in the city. Toward evening, however, I succeed in securing a tiny, dirty chamber facing the courtyard at the Reina Victoria. It costs me nearly four dollars gold a day, including luncheon and dinner.

My first impression of Melilla is pleasant. The streets are broad and clean. Fine shops and attractive cafés line the principal avenues. At sunset

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the temperature falls suddenly; but in spite of that one can sit comfortably at the café tables on the pavements every evening of the winter. I have bathed in the sea even in late November, lying for hours afterwards upon the sand without the suggestion of a shiver.

Minas del Rif, as the great mining company of Morocco is called, is the principal business enterprise in this region. The company owns practically all the iron deposits along the coast. Few people who have not seen them have any conception of their richness. The whole district is volcanic, and the mountains consist mainly of iron, lead, and silver ores. Little underground work is necessary, as the outcrops lie on the surface, without a particle of soil or herbage above them. Consequently, the ore is taken out by open quarrying. It contains 73 per cent of iron, or half again as much as our best German ores. Even the railway is ballasted with it, because all stone has to be brought from Spain. Heaps of mined ore are piled along the railway for most of the three kilometres between the headquarters of the company and the port. It cannot be shipped, because all the tonnage that can use the harbor has been commandeered for military use.

The native revolt came as an utter surprise. To be sure, more or less friction has always existed between the Spaniards and the unsubdued *Moros*, as they are called here. But a violent uprising occurred, without any premonition, in the midsummer of 1920. The immediate cause was a box on the ears. I repeat the story as it was told me by Spaniards in Melilla.

The principal Moorish leader is Abd-el-Krim, a young man of European education who has studied in Madrid, and is exceptionally intelligent and gifted. During the World War he was Civil Governor of Melilla, under the military commander, General Sylvester. Abd-el-Krim assisted many Germans, who escaped from the French Foreign Legion and made their way to Melilla after indescribable hardships, to reach home upon neutral steamers. For that reason he was hated by the French, and they brought diplomatic pressure to bear on the Spanish Government, with the result that General Sylvester removed Abd-el-Krim from his post as Governor and shut him up in the Citadel. Abd-el-Krim was liberated one night by his followers, but broke a leg in his effort to escape and was recaptured. General Sylvester flew into a fury when he heard of the affair, and summoned Abd-el-Krim before him. During the dispute that followed, he boxed Abd-el-Krim's ears. The latter's only remark was: 'Spain will pay me dearly for this.'

In a very short time Abd-el-Krim again escaped from prison, and on this occasion was not recaptured. General Novarro was campaigning with an army of 40,000 men about seventy-five miles in the interior, trying to extend the Spanish sphere of influence. He suddenly found himself surrounded on every side by insurgents, who cut off his connection with the coast and forced him to a hasty retreat. Spain was not able to send him immediate reinforcements. When he was less than twenty-five miles from Melilla he had to surrender to the Moros, because he was cut off from water. Thus his whole army, with 200 pieces of artillery, munitions, automobiles, and airplanes, fell into the hands of the latter. Abd-el-Krim had his revenge.

With the war materials thus captured, the young leader was able to extend his operations. The Moros pressed in on Melilla, and one morning eight heavy guns were mounted on the summit of Guru-Gu behind Melilla, a point hitherto considered inaccessible even

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for the lightest vehicles, and shells began to fall in the city.

By this time Spain was thoroughly aroused. Troops were mobilized and the Government feverishly collected war materials. Every important city raised a contribution to buy an airplane. General Sylvester shot himself when he learned of Novarro's capture. General Berenguer, a seasoned colonial officer, took his place. A new spirit began to animate the campaign. Shortly before my arrival Guru-Gu was stormed and the neighboring heights cleared of the enemy. Melilla was thus out of danger. The slow progress of operations was due partly to lack of military materials, and partly to bad organization. For a time there were practically no military supplies in the city, and great difficulty was experienced in outfitting troops for the front.

Life in Melilla is intensely interesting just now. One sits until midnight at the café tables which occupy the pavements, sipping Malaga wine or coffee, under a brilliant, star-studded heaven. Officers of every arm of the service stroll past, with black-eyed Spanish girls who need not shrink from comparison with the fairest of their sisters at home. The evening's amusements begin very late, since the hotels do not serve dinner until half-past eight. Theatres and cinemas begin at ten o'clock, and ordinarily close at two. They are the only forms of amusement. I often attend 'movie shows' to pass the time. The films, mostly from America, are beneath criticism. They resemble our earliest films in Germany and for the most part portray robberies, holdups, and violent crimes. Now and then French films, which are immeasurably better, are presented. The audiences are very excitable. Each person expresses his opinion of the scene by loud shouts of approval or criticism. Sometimes the audience calls for music, which for the most part is very poor. Street peddlers stroll in, shouting their wares. The galleries are filled with soldiers, who even stretch out on the benches and go to sleep. The only time I have seen a quite attentive audience was during the presentation of a modern German film. It represented some wonderful landscape views in the Upper Bavarian Alps, and winter sports, together with the flight of a Zeppelin. I have attended the theatre in Melilla only once. The audience was as noisy and restless as at the cinema. In fact the spectators virtually took part in the play, for they became violent partisans of particular actors or characters on the stage, and manifested this partiality by violent demonstrations.

A scorching sun beats upon the top of the locomotive cab, so that in spite of its double roof, with an interval to permit the air to draw through when we are in motion, the draft strikes me as I stand behind like a hot blast from an oven. We are making a trial trip from Melilla to a military camp some three miles toward the interior. Our route skirts the bathing-beach, which is deserted this morning because a heavy *levante*, or east wind, is piling the waves high on the shore. As far as the eye can reach we see a plunging mass of white billows, charging toward us in serried ranks. We pass upon our left an aviation field with its parks and tents. At present only three airplanes are stationed there. Upon our right a well-kept military highway stretches as straight as the line of vision itself toward the interior. A constant procession of motorcycles with side cars is hastening back and forth between the front and the city. These handy and reliable little vehicles, all of them of English or American make, are encountered everywhere. They are exceedingly convenient for transporting

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officers and orderlies. Interspersed among them are heavily laden trucks of German manufacture — Benz and Faun. These have proved perfectly satisfactory here, and with the exception of a very few Hispano-Suiza trucks are the only ones in use. On the other hand, I have seen practically no German touring cars, except now and then one of ancient model. Practically all the light cars in use are Fords. That manufacturer has an agency and a big warehouse in Melilla.

We soon reach the camp which is our immediate destination. It was formerly a Moorish settlement, surrounded, like all native villages, by a natural hedge of tall cactus plants, ten or twelve feet high. Every branch hangs full of thorny fruit. The pulp of this fruit has a most agreeable taste. I try to pick a few, but find it a painful undertaking. The tiny hair-like prickles not only cling to every article of clothing, but have a particular affinity for one's hands. It would be a most painful operation to scale one of these hedges. A thorn nearly an inch long on one of the branches, as sharp and hard as a needle, lacerates my hand to the bone. The camp is a busy scene. Some of the soldiers are cooking in great field kettles; others are washing and mending their clothing; and others have removed their shirts and are trying to clear them of vermin. Recent reinforcements have enabled the Spaniards to push their late advantage, and they have captured Mont Arruit. This is where the last remnant of General Novarro's army surrendered. The Spanish troops were infuriated, upon taking this stronghold, — which the Moros defended feebly, — to find all that was left of the earthly remains of two thousand of their comrades lying unburied — mere heaps of bones, mouldering uniforms, and sun-shriveled flesh. These slaughtered soldiers had surrendered their arms to the Moros with the understanding that they would be permitted to retire unharmed to Melilla. As soon as they marched from their camp they were fired upon from behind, and every one of them was killed, with the exception of two who succeeded in escaping and carrying word of the massacre to the Spanish lines.

After finishing my errand at Melilla, permission was secured for me, through the courtesy of the mining company, to travel on a military train to the most advanced Spanish positions, which are at the iron mines of the corporation. Just before reaching Nador we saw evidence of the Moorish occupation in the ruined narrow-guage mining railway. The Moros had torn up the rails and twisted them into spirals. Beyond Nador everything had been wrecked. The Moros cleaned out the repair shop, leaving only the transmission shafts hanging in the air. Just ahead of us the mountains rose abruptly, standing out with dazzling distinctness in the bright morning sun. Through a telescope I was able to study all the details of the mine excavations, which are halfway to the summit. Cars are drawn up and down by gravity. No work was going on, however, since the mines have been in the possession of the Moros for many months. We could observe the smoke rising from their camps and with a good glass we could discern men walking about. Hostilities have ceased for the time being, until the Spaniards are prepared for another advance. All the mountains in both directions are rich in iron ore and also contain several lead mines, which belong to an English company. Only part of this district has been explored for minerals, and its total wealth is but inadequately known.

All civilians have left Nador, and their houses are now occupied by soldiers. Many of the larger structures,

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especially the big steam mill at the harbor, have been destroyed. At this point fifteen gendarmes and a few soldiers defended themselves during the Spanish retreat, until the mill was wrecked by artillery. A remarkably beautiful Catholic chapel, built by a monk without any plan, remains quite unharmed. The amateur architect designed the whole building by eye, and made a most successful job of it from the artistic standpoint. The Mohammedan cemetery is also interesting. It is a great deserted tract without any fence, dotted with big pebbles about the size of one's fist. My guide told me that each stone marked a grave, and that the Koran forbade any more formal indication of the last resting place of the faithful.

By evening I was seated comfortably on the deck of a steamer, bound for Malaga. The last lights of Melilla were disappearing in the darkness, and a wonderful moon illumined the glorious southern sea.

THE SPANISH FOREIGN LEGION

BY A MALAGA CORRESPONDENT

[*After the Spanish reverses in Morocco last year, it will be recalled, an opportunity was offered young Americans and Europeans qualified for military service to enlist in the Spanish Foreign Legion. Subsequently considerable dissatisfaction developed among these recruits. The following account of the Legion is from a pro-Spanish German source.*]

From *Kölnische Zeitung, January 25*
(Conservative Daily British Occupied Territory)

Spain's Foreign Legion, a new organization formed less than a year ago, owes its origin to necessity. The disaster to the Spanish forces in Morocco last July was attended with unusually severe losses. Quite naturally the example of the Foreign Legion of France, which had performed such signal service in Africa at comparatively little cost to the Government, suggested itself to Spain's military leaders. Consequently the new organization copies closely that of the neighboring Republic. So far, however, Spain has not resorted to the methods of persuasion which France uses to obtain recruits; and probably it will not need to do so, for the number seeking enlistment is larger than can be accommodated. In addition to Europe, with its war-unsettled manhood, Spain's former vast colonial territories in America are sending their sons to serve beneath her banner.

Thus, what was at first regarded as an emergency measure and adopted as an experiment, has proved so successful that the Government contemplates enlarging the Legion, so that it will eventually form the principal military force in Morocco.

At present writing, in January 1922, the Legion contains in round numbers three thousand men, recruited from every country on the globe. The *Tercio*, as it is officially known, is at pres-

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ent divided into five 'flags' or battalions, each of which consists of infantry and a machine-gun company with eight guns. So far the Legion has no artillery, but it is equipped with its own baggage train, pack animals, trucks, and motorcycles. In addition, the *Tercio de Extranjeros* has its own hospital on the Zafarine Islands off the North coast of Morocco.

Most officers and non-commissioned officers are volunteers from the Spanish regular army. The commander of the Legion can promote privates to non-commissioned and commissioned rank in the Legion; but such appointments do not entitle the recipients to similar grades in the Regular Army. Promotions are governed entirely by distinguished service in the Legion itself.

Privates are paid four and one-half pesetas a day, from which two pesetas are deducted for food and clothing. In addition they receive four hundred pesetas bounty when they enlist, to pay their traveling expenses. Officers are paid monthly salaries. For instance, a sergeant receives three hundred and fifty pesetas. Enlistments are for two periods, either for the duration of the Morocco War, or for five years. The Legion is under the jurisdiction of the Spanish Military Code, which authorizes its commander to impose the penalty of death at discretion. It should be emphasized that the present regulations are provisional, and that they doubtless will be modified as the organization is extended and developed. Following French usage, a man is asked no questions regarding his past when he enlists. That is a provision that may be changed. It encourages too many shady characters to take refuge in the Legion, and prevents a better class of men from joining.

Some detachments are stationed at Larache and Tetuan; but the majority are just now serving on the Morocco front. The record of these troops is featured in the press. They have performed brilliant service. They led the attack upon the Moorish strongholds during the recent Spanish advance, and suffered heavy losses. This is only natural, for the principal purpose of a foreign legion is to relieve the country's regular forces of their most perilous tasks, and to save the precious blood of the nation under whose flag it fights. Many a Spaniard mother thanks the valor of these foreign soldiers for the life of her own son. The papers are filled with anecdotes and descriptions of the Legion's work in Africa, and some of its bolder members have become popular idols. When the Legion recently paraded through Melilla, after an arduous march through the mountains, attended by constant fighting, it received an ovation such as has seldom been accorded Spanish troops.

Indeed, the legionaries must be interesting men. I hope to become acquainted with some of them. Hitherto I have met only new recruits, boisterous young chaps who had just received their enlistment money and were taking expensive carriage drives around Malaga before boarding the transport for Africa. I have acquaintances in the Legion, men whose careers were interrupted by the war and the revolution, and who have never since been able to return to settled occupations. A number of former German officers have been cited for valor. The first private promoted to non-commissioned officer was a German. Many Spaniards have enlisted, and not a few of the recruits have seen previous service in the French Foreign Legion. When these troops were first organized, Germans were the most numerous among the applicants for enlistment; later, Englishmen were in the majority. If there were not legal obstacles in the way, however, most of

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the legionaries would be German. The Commander prefers men who have served in the French Legion. Both the best men and the worst men in the Legion are reported to be Germans. The English are the most orderly and obedient, while the Spaniards rank among the most courageous and good-tempered. The spirit of comradery, even among men but recently fighting each other in the Great War, is reported above criticism. There is little difficulty with the language question. The Spaniards can mostly speak French, and many of the recruits speak several languages. The Commander prefers Catalonians among the Spaniards. Not a single man from this province has as yet been punished for disobedience. Naturally there are many political refugees in the ranks, but this does not affect their qualifications as soldiers.

The charge that the Legion consists mostly of adventurers and criminals is vigorously denied. Naturally, among so many Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Yankees, Portuguese, Latin Americans, and often Negroes, men with previous histories, with tragic pasts, are numerous. But, nevertheless, such men make excellent soldiers. Most of them have been so long in military service that they are practically useless in any other vocation. There are also men among them whom fate has buffeted hither and thither over the whole globe, who have never been able to settle down anywhere — impetuous, passionate men, who cannot tolerate any form of discipline and restraint except that which an army affords. Some of the soldiers tell their past lives to the Commander, who knows his men individually; others simply hand their personal memoranda to him in a sealed envelope, to be opened in case of death.

When a man is admitted to the Legion some comrade takes him under his personal charge. Distinguished names appear upon the muster rolls. The oath to which each soldier subscribes when he enlists, contains, among other things, an express renunciation of social pleasures, — cafés, clubs, marriage, — of a claim to a roof or a tent in service, of even the usual soldier's comforts. Particularly stringent are the regulations against gambling. The officers must be picked men. Of the forty who were first appointed, twenty-six lost their lives in battle before the first of October.

The usual cheers of the Legion are *Viva España*, *Viva el Rey*, and *Viva la Legion*. When a fallen legionary is buried his comrades cry *Viva la Legion* three times over his grave and erect a wooden cross at its head. No professional undertaker touches the body; not even the officers are permitted to do so. The man's comrades conduct the funeral according to their own ritual.

Four things are enjoined upon the legionary: loyalty to Spain, to the King, to discipline, and to orders. *Esprit de corps* is very strong both in battle and in relations with the outer world. No wounded man or corpse is left uncared for. Even fallen animals are carefully buried. Hospital nurses invariably praise the spirit of fellowship which prevails among the legionaries, who make any sacrifice for a comrade. Very few cases of quarrels among themselves have been recorded. When that does happen, the men are allowed to fight it out in the presence of their comrades and their officers until they have had enough. Then they must shake hands and regard the matter settled. Up to the first of October, during which period seven thousand men were entered upon the muster rolls, but a single murder and two other serious crimes were committed. A majority of the recruits

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profess some religion. Of two hundred at one post, not less than one hundred and ninety-eight reported for Communion.

The strength of the Legion when at its maximum was five thousand men; but death and sickness have thinned its ranks of late. Some misunderstandings and complaints have occurred, especially on the part of certain English legionaries, who complain bitterly of their treatment. Several were dismissed and returned home. The real cause of the dissatisfaction seems to be, that the English soldier was rather sumptuously maintained by his wealthy Government during the World War, and could not accommodate himself to the frugal fare and rough life of the Spanish army.

In reply to the criticisms which this dissatisfaction called forth, the Commander of the Legion published the following figures: The first and the second *banderas* — 'flags' — lost, within two and one half months, 110 per cent of their officers and 85 per cent of their privates. The third bandera covered itself with glory in the attack upon Beni Aros. The fourth bandera, during fourteen days fighting at Gemara, lost nearly all its officers and a very high percentage of its men. The fifteenth and sixteenth companies, which were organized only eight days before they went under fire, had already lost all their officers and a large fraction of their rank and file. These facts speak for themselves. Discontented and poorly led troops do not fight like that, and die with *Viva la Legion* on their lips. Recruiting still continues. The first contingent from Cuba consisted of seven hundred and fifty privates, with a complete staff of officers, an aviation section, a signal section, a machine-gun company, a truck company, and a hospital squad. In addition there were a chaplain, a pharmacist, a dentist, and two nurses. Desertions are remarkably rare. Only four have been reported since the body was organized. These men were captured while trying to escape to take service in the French Legion, and were summarily executed.

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SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, APOSTLE TO THE BLIND

BY FREDERICK MARTIN

[*Afflicted with blindness in the midst of a successful career, Sir Arthur Pearson devoted the remainder of his life to the cheerful service of others less prosperous than he and similarly unfortunate. His recent sudden death called forth expressions of regret from every rank of British society, from the Throne down. We reprint here an extremely happy description of Sir Arthur's work at St. Dunstan's.*]

From the *Cornhill Magazine, February*
(ENGLISH LITERARY MONTHLY)

ON a blazing Monday in the summer of 1915 an infantry subaltern, junior in rank though not particularly youthful in years, was instructing recruits in musketry on a seaside range in a somewhat remote part of these islands. To the admiration of his pupils and to his own well-concealed surprise he had opened the shooting himself, by putting on a four-inch group. On Tuesday the bull's-eye was swimming unsteadily in a curious haze. Two days later the subaltern was blind. A short period in hospital, still in the remote district, was followed by discharge thence, and then, after a brief interval, the War Office requested 'Mr. X. to resign his commission, as he was unfit for further military service.' There followed many months of inaction — inaction of body, that is to say. There was plenty to think about, and most of it unpleasant. In the intimate circle of relatives and friends there was a tacit conspiracy to regard his suddenly acquired disability as temporary. Some day sight would return as unexpectedly as it had disappeared, and all would be well once more. The individual cast for the chief part in this little drama had from the first no illusions; he had a shrewd idea that Fate had decided that his rôle should last his lifetime. Occasionally there came to him news of a place called St. Dunstan's and of its chief, Sir Arthur Pearson. Both names had a sinister sound; to think too much about them, to dream of invoking their aid, seemed to involve a surrender of the ludicrously little hope of the miracle happening. The name of the man was, of course, quite familiar, but of his personality nothing was known. Probably he was a well-meaning but rather fussy individual who had become a master of the art of persuading the blind to be content with the lot chosen for them by Providence. Months and months went by, and dismal introspection became the habit of his mind.

Then one day there came a letter signed by Sir Arthur Pearson. It stated, among other things, how the writer had come to know, through one of the departmental heads of the National Institute for the Blind, that Mr. X. had had some trouble with his eyesight. The rest of the letter was a masterpiece of tact and imagination. It made no mention of blindness, but suggested that in case the present condition of the recipient's sight should prove to be prolonged, it might be well for him to learn a few things which were taught at St. Dunstan's. There followed a few remarks as to ways and means; any financial difficulties in the case would be attended to. Would n't Mr. X. care to come and spend a few months at

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Portland Place, where there were a lot of very decent fellows in residence at the moment? It all sounded like an invitation to become a member of a rather jolly club, where one was already well-known by repute. About this letter and others which followed before all arrangements were made, there was no hint of commiseration or of patronage, nothing to jar the susceptibilities of the most sensitive. Instead, there was a spirit of comradeship, and, as comforting as anything else, a distinct odor of cigar smoke. Under the influence of that subtle aroma, preconceived notions of St. Dunstan's as an institution presided over by a pompous philanthropist were shaken. Still there were dreads and doubts.

Timidly up the stairs of the great house in Portland Place crept Mr. X., obedient to the summons, 'Sir Arthur will see you in his room for five minutes.' Now for the momentous interview, now for the dreaded sermon. The door opened, again the odor of cigar smoke, powerful but fragrant. Then came the sound of the voice that one was to learn to know so well, the sharp, staccato sentences, the packing of much information into few words.

'Hello, X., very glad to see you. Had a good journey up? Come along and sit down. We must have a chat for a minute or two.'

So this was the fussy philanthropist of one's apprehensions, this was the man whose career had been blasted by blindness. At any rate, there was nothing weak about the grip of the right hand, nothing undecided about the manner in which the left hand, placed on the visitor's shoulder, impelled him to sink down upon a luxurious sofa. The talk went on in rapid jerks, punctuated by puffs at the cigar.

'Delighted you have found it possible to come up. You and I have lots in common, of course. It 's a great game, the newspaper game; nothing better. We must chat about that some time, but at the moment I can spare you only a minute or two. They give me no time to myself nowadays. I like dining with the officers, but seldom get the chance. Have to go out in five minutes to talk at a big hullabaloo in the City. You 'll be all right here, I think. There 's plenty to do, and a lot of very nice people about. The great thing is to keep going and cultivate every faculty you have. What sort of work do you think of taking up? Well, never mind, there 's plenty of time to think of that later. Now I must be off. I think the house is all right, but if there 's anything you want, ask So-and-So about it. We're always open to hints. Come and see me any time you like. By the way, I suppose you're over the funk stage of not seeing as well as you used to? It's not pleasant at first, but that can't be helped. What you 've got to do is to call it a beastly nuisance, and then carry on and forget about it. That 's all there is to it. Good night, I hope you 'll be happy here. Let me find the door for you. Detestable things, half-open doors — are n't they? The only way to learn how not to bump into them — is to do it once or twice, good and hard. You 're six paces from the stair, and the rail is on your right. Mind the twist halfway down. All right? Good.'

That was how the thing was done. You were caught up in a whirl, and when things steadied, and your breath came back, you found yourself in a new and most delightful world. You were a guest in a house where the most charming people came and went, all of them cheerful. In a day or two you had become persuaded that they had been your friends all your life.

The weekly guest night at Portland Place. A famous statesman is coming

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to dine with the officers. For such occasions there was always a full parade of officers, including, in addition to those in residence, others who had completed their training at St. Dunstan's and were settled in London. Sir Arthur stands on the hearth-rug in the drawing-room, faultlessly attired, as the novelists say, in evening dress. There are two doors to the room, and by both these men are entering until there are about thirty present. The host is kept very busy. 'Good evening, Sir Arthur,' is uttered by every arrival. There are all sorts of accents, from confident, resonant Canadian to the mild and deprecatory Scottish. He at whom this fusillade of greetings is directed makes no mistakes.

'Good evening, Black; how are you? I hear you 've passed your typing test. Good work. You 'll find a typewriter very useful.' 'Well, White, how 's things with you? They want you back into hospital, don't they? Rather a bore, is n't it? But they 'll make you a professional beauty before they 've done with you. It really is wonderful what they can do with this plastic surgery, as they call it. I 'll be round to see you after they 've fixed you up.'

'Good evening, Green. I want a word with you. Met a man this morning who thinks he can do something for you. He 's a doctor in your part of the town, and he is quite keen to recommend you whenever you put up your plate. Remind me about it after dinner; I 'll let you have his name.' (These remarks addressed to a masseur.) 'Good evening, Brown. What 's this about your officers' "four" beating the crack crew from St. Dunstan's? Think you can do it? I 'm not so sure. They 're a hefty lot, those Canadians and Australians up there. I saw them on the lake this afternoon, and they were going very well indeed. They 'll take a lot of beating, I can tell you.' And so on, and so on, instant recognition of every guest the moment his voice is heard, and a special bit of good cheer for each.

Then comes the snap of a closing watch and a snort. 'Time 's up. Our good friend, the eminent statesman, is late. Being late for meals is the unpardonable social sin. I make it a rule never to wait for anybody. We 'll give him five minutes and then go in. Eminent statesman is all very well, but dinners don't improve with keeping, nor servants' tempers either. Ah, there you are, Sir Blank. I 've just been holding you up to these young men as an awful example of a social sinner. Oh, an air raid, is there? We did n't hear anything. A raid is about as near to a good excuse for being late for dinner as anything could be. Let 's go in.'

In the early days the blinded officers lived as the guests of Sir Arthur and Lady Pearson under one hospitable roof. They were a very happy family. But as the casualties mounted up, and the family grew larger and larger, the original and very pleasant régime became no longer practicable. The demands upon Sir Arthur's time grew more and more onerous, and to his own very sincere regret he could meet the officers only occasionally. Even during the week-ends spent at Brighton or on the river his work followed him. The result was that we met him most frequently at meals. His table talk was most fascinating. He would become quite lyrical over the beauty of the flowers on the table. Someone would tell him there was a bowl of such and such a flower there, and he would describe shapes and colors as if he had the specimen under a microscope. He loved all the things of the countryside, and after a walk he would descant upon the colors of the foliage, the beauty of this view and that, the state of the crops, and what not. In this there was no af-

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fectation; he had seen all he described, seen it through the eyes of his escort with the aid of his own vivid memories of the scene and its features. He was a fine horseman, a good swimmer, a useful man in a boat, and a tireless walker. Only a week or two before his death an old friend met him riding full tilt on the Sussex Downs with his attendant groom well in the rear. A charge of recklessness coupled with a warning of the possible consequences drew from Sir Arthur a characteristic rebuke.

'I knew I had three miles of good turf in front of me,' said he, 'and there was nothing to be afraid of, except that the horse might put his foot in a rabbit hole. No sensible horse does that, and this is a sensible horse. A horse does n't want to fall down any more than you want him to fall. If you know your horse and your country, leave it to the horse, and don't scare him by being nervous yourself.'

As for the ordinary sports of the moor and the forest and the covertside, he had complete contempt for those. Exercise and fresh air and all other delights of the country could be got by doing the walking and climbing and leaving the shooting out. He used to tell of the disgust of a gillie who took him out deer-stalking, only to find that his employer's interest in the chase evaporated immediately after, having circumvented the quarry by strenuous climbing and patient observance of the rules of forest craft, he finally got within easy range of the stag. 'We had won the game,' said Sir Arthur. 'We had pitted our wits and our knowledge of the country against his instinct and his speed. But why on earth should we shoot the poor beast that had given us so much fun?'

Slovenliness and half measures were detestable to Sir Arthur. Of a clean-built, athletic, handsome figure, he made almost a fetish of physical fitness, and he had a horror of becoming 'tubby,' as he called it. He confessed that he had experimented with all the dietetic fads that had ever been invented, and had come to the conclusion that plenty of exercise and strict moderation in eating and drinking were the only reliable specifics against obesity. He dressed very well, and although their knowledge of this fact was, for obvious reasons, acquired at second hand, his guests paid him the flattering compliment of imitation, and very smart bowties were much in evidence at Portland Place. He insisted upon the due observance in his house of the social ritual, holding that blindness was no excuse for anyone being either ill-dressed or ill-mannered. His conversation was like himself, vigorous, volcanic in its energy, and it ranged over a very wide area of subjects. Perhaps the most fascinating of all its features was its freshness and originality. Where other brilliant talkers would turn to literature, history, or philosophy to illustrate or reinforce an argument, Sir Arthur's examples were always found in his own experience of men and affairs. Seldom or never would he make a literary allusion, and he was never at a loss to find a modern instance for a wise saw. When it is remembered that most of his auditors, on the occasions to which reference is being made, were very young men eager for information about the world which they could no longer see, and which because of the interruption of their education they had never been able to study, it may be considered that this was exactly the kind of talk that would appeal to them, and would be of value. In this respect, as in all others, Sir Arthur was the most generous of men. With the most callow of inquiring youngsters he would take infinite pains to explain a process, to elucidate a problem, or to recite a chapter of contemporary history, and

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all his examples and illustrations would relate to people and to events which were real to his young disciple because they were familiar to him. And then Sir Arthur had one supreme quality as a counselor — he always knew what he thought. There were no doubts or reservations, and he never pretended to a knowledge which he did not in fact possess. To listen to him was an invigorating mental tonic.

His views on some subjects were original to the extent of being startling. As his acute biographer in the *Times* remarks, he regarded literature as a story, and he was impatient of men of many words. Occasionally he gave the impression of applying the test of commercial success to cases where it had no relevancy. He probably would not have subscribed to the view that the best seller is necessarily the best book, for this would have led him to esteem Charles Garvice above Henry James, for example; but he did take the view that a book which commanded a great sale could not be a bad book. I think that his faith in the commercial test did not arise from an undue respect for the wealth which success brings in its train. Indeed, the mere making of money had for him no attraction. He used to say it was the easiest thing he had ever tried. But he had a profound respect for the man who 'knows his job,' to use the popular phrase, and a firm conviction that it is only the sound article which in the long run can stand competition and secure the public favor. In addition to this he had something of the delight of the craftsman in the thing perfectly made. Of recently published books he considered Mr. Wells's *Outline of History* a supreme achievement. It was exactly the kind of book which he desired, the story of the world, lucidly told and with no irritating and disconcerting details. Yet he himself was a master of detail in his own sphere. On one occasion we were discussing the value of rapidity of decision in business affairs, and the view was being taken that the ability to form a judgment quickly was a sign of genius, and that the mental process was intuitive. One member of the party ventured to suggest that, after all, to be right is more important than to be rapid, that while geniuses are scarce, highly successful business men are many, and that capacity to realize a problem and all its implications and to find a solution in a flash depends in most instances upon a complete knowledge of detail, which in turn is the result of experience. Here is an example of Sir Arthur's resort to his mental pigeonholes.

'I believe there is something in that. I remember once long ago watching the best news editor I ever had at his work. We were very anxious to get information about a new dodge that the Admiralty were up to, and the news editor was giving instructions to a reporter to go down to the country and interview the man who knew about it. He told the reporter that this man, who was a very big big-wig, knew all about this particular subject, and probably would not talk about it, whereas he thought he knew about photography, and would talk about that as long as he had a listener. "You get hold of him and talk about photography, and when he has talked himself into a good humor, you get this secret out of him." The thing came out as he had planned and, of course, I was very pleased about it, and said so to my news editor; and I wound up by telling him that he had an extraordinary *flair* for this sort of thing. "*Flair* be hanged," said he, "I have thirty years' experience in my business."'

One remarked as a curious and significant circumstance that his journalistic reminiscences centred mainly around the gallant but unsuccessful attempt to resuscitate the dying *Standard*. Per-

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haps it was because this was the only major reverse that his journalistic arms ever suffered that it so interested him in retrospect. He was a leader of men who took success as a matter of course, and to whom defeat was strange and not easily to be understood. He would muse over this episode with a rueful humor, and the solution of the puzzle still evaded him.

Sir Arthur Pearson found real joy in his work for St. Dunstan's. I remember his returning one evening from a dinner party held to celebrate the triumph of a political cause of which he had been a leading apostle. He told us of the men who had been there and of the nature of their talk. It had been a small and very distinguished company of veterans of an old fight; every man there bore a name famous in the great world. One wondered whether the meeting, with all the memories it must have awakened of the days of old, had not caused a wistful longing for departed joys, departed never to return. But of vain repining there was no slightest sign. Rather we got the impression that he had, that evening, been revisiting the glimpses of the moon and that he was glad to be home, glad to be at his real work again.

In his book, *Victory over Blindness*, he has told the story of St. Dunstan's, and here I make no attempt to deal with the system of training there. Nor do I write anything of the hospital interviews by which many a soul was saved from the black horror of despair. I have tried to make a picture of the man as he appeared to us in the full vigor of his strength of mind and heart. My task has been attempted in vain if I have not shown him to be one who commanded our admiration and our love. Now that he has gone, we begin slowly to comprehend how great a power in our lives was his inspiring friendship.

MISS POMFRET AND MISS PRIMROSE

BY LOUIS GOLDING

From the *English Review, February*
(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

THE way in which Miss Pomfret and Miss Primrose met was typical. It was typical of their previous and independent histories and of their subsequent and joint history; but it is their joint history which really concerns us. This is how they met.

Miss Pomfret got into the train at Cirencester, having just buried her younger sister Ursula. It had always been a whim on the part of Ursula that she should not be buried in the little churchyard at Bramlingham, a mile from the cottage which she and her sister occupied in a blue Cotswold valley. No, she should n't like to be so near her sister, she lying so cold and doing nothing, and Miss Pomfret with all the dusting and the cooking and the washing-up to do and quite alone. It would make her uncomfortable. She must be taken to Cirencester, where

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they were born and where their mother had died. There she would not feel contrite, said Ursula, for taking no hand in the cooking of stews and the setting straight of pictures. So when Ursula died (she had always been expected to die first, having been delicate from childhood), her sister duly carried her away to Cirencester.

Miss Pomfret got into the train for the return journey dry-eyed and a little stern. (Miss Pomfret, I say. It was only as 'Miss Pomfret' that Miss Pomfret was ever thought of or known. Even by Ursula, it would seem. Ursula must have known her Christian name, but she died just before this story begins and the knowledge lies with her in Cirencester.) Somehow, Miss Pomfret was on her mettle. Ursula dead; no relative nearer than Nigeria, and he, as Ursula used to say, a Prince Leopold of Holland, the way he illtreated the natives; herself and the vicar of Bramlingham sworn enemies; and those two armchairs in the south room facing each other, where Ursula and she used to talk and knit and nod. How Ursula's chair would creak on windy spring evenings! She twisted a loose tress of gray hair from her eyes, stared defiantly into the railway carriage, saw only a little woman in the opposite corner with her face turned away, and entered. Miss Pomfret, as I have said, was on her mettle.

The train moved away and both ladies sat silent and motionless for many minutes. A sense of strain began to tighten the air. Why *would n't* she, that other one, turn her head? Why? Was she being superior? Did she resent anybody else getting into the carriage? Gracious me, did the woman think she'd *bought* the carriage? No, it could n't be exactly that! It did n't belong, somehow, to that old-fashioned bodice and the subdued clothing that wrapped the mysterious little figure. It made Miss Pomfret feel awkward; it was as if one were traveling with a ghost.

Then Miss Pomfret became aware that ever so slightly the shoulders of the stranger were shaking, slightly but quite surely. Then Miss Pomfret felt a cold hand of desolate certainty at her heart. Oh, poor, poor dear, she was sobbing, that tiny, hurt woman, sobbing like a child in the dark.

In one moment Miss Pomfret was by her side, just as she used to find herself suddenly, without quite knowing it, by Ursula's chair or bed, when she gave one of her short, sombre coughs.

'Tell me — Oh, I 'm so sorry — can I help?'

The stranger shook her head, but did not turn it towards Miss Pomfret. Her hand still covered her eyes, as it were from the sun, though at that moment actually the sun lay behind a heavy stretch of cloud. And then, unaccountably, Miss Pomfret herself broke down. She had not shed a single tear all these last mournful days, and now a stranger's sorrow, in a common train, darted through her like a stiletto, unbearably. Fortunately — Miss Pomfret subsequently remembered — it was at least not a corridor-train. . . .

And then a voice said to her, a faded voice and thin, like a forgotten spinet suddenly touched in an attic, and a voice, none the less, curiously sweet: 'Oh, what is going to happen to us? Here 's you as well! What shall we do?'

And Miss Pomfret replied, 'I can't tell you how much she was — how little everything is without her! You too? What have you lost? Is it your sister too?'

A silence followed. The women looked away from each other. Miss Pomfret — sworn foe as she was to fidgets — tapped the thumb of each hand with each successive finger, tapped the floor five times with each foot, adjusted her hat.

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And then Miss Primrose — this was the stranger's name — said, 'He's gone away. He lied.'

The humiliation of that bowed head, the catch of that husky voice, were more poignant than tears. And, as Miss Pomfret knew, there was nothing more to say or to learn.

'Where are you going?' said Miss Pomfret briefly.

'I don't know. I just got a ticket for the first train that left the station. It does n't matter — nothing matters.'

Then said Miss Pomfret, that unromantic lady who had never suffered from illusions because the world had never offered her them, to this crushed child of a woman she had not set eyes on half an hour ago: 'I need you and you me, and there's room for you in our cottage. Ursula is dead. I've just buried her at Cirencester. You and Nell — Nell's the dog — will be great friends, and he'd fret with Ursula — away. You are coming?'

Miss Primrose looked up into Miss Pomfret's eyes for twenty or thirty seconds. 'Yes!' she said.

When Miss Pomfret and Miss Primrose arrived at the cottage that evening, what with the oil stove which had to be filled, and the bread which both of them liked ever so thinly cut, and a dozen little domestic concerns and a dozen more, you would have thought that Miss Primrose had occupied that cottage as long as Miss Pomfret. And there was the routine to be explained; oh, there was much to do!

Six years passed quietly at the Cotswold cottage. You can imagine what sort of busy, drowsy years they were. Nell, faithless fellow, accepted Ursula's place without the least demur. He did not utter a single whine of inquiry concerning Ursula, though she had petted him even when Miss Pomfret had lifted her voice and said, 'Bad dog, go to bed!' But then, why should he? Never again was Ursula mentioned by Miss Pomfret, as never again was any reference made to that man who had lied to Miss Primrose and left the world black for her; their obsequies had been spoken in that train speeding from Cirencester. They had passed from the world.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays Miss Primrose got up first and made the breakfast. These were egg days, in any permutation of egg. The other three week days were Miss Pomfret's and these were fish days, for Miss Pomfret had a hundred ideas on the correct treatment of plaice or haddock or sole. Sunday was arranged as the spirit directed. After breakfast there was the kitchen garden, not to mention the flower beds and the minute rockery. There was painting for Miss Primrose in the afternoons, crochet and knitting for Miss Pomfret; in the evenings, for both, there was the Circulating Library. A gentle world it was, though the vicar of Bramlingham remained difficult and accused Miss Pomfret of Socialism, as the milkman reported. What if the hair grew a little grayer, the fingers a trifle more reluctant? What mattered these?

And then one Wednesday morning — a Miss Primrose morning — Miss Pomfret came down at the usual hour for poached eggs, or eggs, perhaps, scrambled. But there was no smell of toast. The water had boiled away from the aluminium kettle. The door was open and the cold wind blew in from the garden.

Miss Primrose left no note behind. She had taken with her only her coat, hat, and purse. Miss Pomfret, stealing towards the garden gate that evening, like a ghost, found a briar pipe under the hawthorn that grew just inside the gate. She took it in with her and stuffed it at the bottom of a trunk under a heap of discarded curtains and cloths, so that it was not likely she would

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come across it again. There was no resentment in Miss Pomfret's heart. She knew it was not a matter as to who had a greater *right* to Miss Primrose, he, the unnamed man who had lied, or herself. It was not a moral issue, an affair of the mind or the conscience at all. She felt merely a bitter taste in the mouth, and heard a dull singing behind her forehead all day, and deep into the night.

'She has taken the latchkey with her,' said Miss Pomfret. 'I shall have to get another one made.'

EXTRACTS FROM TOLSTOI'S DIARY

From *Die Neue Rundschau, February*
(Liberal Literary and Political Monthly)

July 12, 1903: For two days long heart attacks. No recurrence so far this morning. During the night thought of something very important: —

1. The concept of the infinity of space and time confuses us. That is due to the fact that we attach reality to unreal and merely apparent phenomena — that is, the phenomena of time and space. These phenomena seem to us infinite. In reality they do not exist and therefore can neither be finite or infinite. The only reality is the spirit, and that is not infinite because it has no attribute of finiteness or infinity. During our life we witness phenomena in a certain succession — in space and time — and imagine that this succession continues after we die. Right there lies our error. Our error consists in conceiving our life as transitory and the world as permanent and unchangeable; while the truth is that our spiritual life is unchangeable and the concepts of finiteness and infinity do not apply to it. The world with its constant changes is merely a transitory phenomenon which we create for ourselves.

2. In medicine there are two primary errors, representing two extremes. The first is excessive refinement of methods and apparatus of research, where mistakes are easily made; the second is conceiving the organism as a machine which can be improved by mechanical or chemical means. . . .

July 15: . . . 1. It is not accurate to distinguish periods of clear and of cloudy consciousness (sleep, insanity) by their time. There only exists a being independent of time, which is my I. My limitations cloud that being more or less, just as the clouds of the atmosphere obscure the sun; but it is always the same consciousness, independent of time.

2. People say there is no true immortality unless the personality survives. But my personality is precisely what tortures me — what I hate most of everything in the world. To be forever bound to my personality would be a true Ahasuerus torment [i.e., punishment of the Wandering Jew].

July 16, 1903: While I was lying in bed something important occurred to me: —

1. A man cannot go to sleep by an effort of will; but he can awaken by an effort of will. A man cannot love anything by an effort of will; but he can

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keep himself by an effort of will from passionate excesses. The main thing is, a man cannot go to sleep of his own volition. What does that suggest? It suggests that life, which reveals itself in consciousness, is alone indestructible, is the sole reality. All the rest is merely something that obscures this life.

2. Life is only that which reveals itself in consciousness, through the consciousness. This life has neither time nor space.

3. I used to say and to think that life was consciousness. That is false. Life is what consciousness reveals. It is constantly and universally present: that is, it transcends time and space. Our error consists in the fact that we consider that to be life which obscures and conceals life.

4. Love is not the original principle of life. Love is a result, and not a cause. The cause of love is the recognition of our own spirituality. This recognition fosters love and evokes love.

July 18, 1903: 1. The conception of movement is only possible by contrast with something immovable — our spiritual being.

2. The movement of which we have knowledge is merely growth, extension — in fact, any kind of change in the boundaries of our being. If there were no changes then there would be no movement.

July 21, 1903: My health remains good. I am continuing my strict vegetarian regimen. I tried to write a tale but it did n't go. . . .

3. I cannot repeat often enough that there are three motives for human action: (a) the feeling that our intercourse with other beings evokes; (b) imitation, influence, hypnosis; (c) rational thought. Of a million acts caused by the first two groups of motives, there will be not more than one due to rational thought. This is true of the acts of the individual: that is, of a million acts by an individual, not more than one can be ascribed to a process of reasoning. All other acts are due to motives of the first two groups. The same truth applies to the acts of groups of men, that is, to social actions.

July 25, 1903: I have written three tales; they are still poor, but are susceptible of improvement. I have thought of three things which I shall try to recall.

1. People address themselves to the Tsar and counsel him to do certain things for the general welfare. I also have done this. People expect from him help — acts. Meanwhile, he can scarcely keep himself above water. It is precisely as though we were to call to a man who was clinging by his nails and teeth, with the last ounce of his strength, to a limb hanging over an abyss, and ask him to help us raise a beam to the top of a wall.

2. All supporters of our present political system base their arguments for the necessity of the State upon the assumption that no group of human beings and no individual can fulfill his reason for existence without a government. That is precisely as though we were to say that domestic animals could not attain their end of existence unless they were shut up and kept in confinement.

3. God wishes us to be happy; therefore he has planted the love of happiness in our souls. But he desires that everyone should be happy — not merely a few individuals. Men are unhappy because they devote themselves to attaining personal happiness, and not the happiness of all. The highest happiness of man is to be loved, therefore this desire is planted in every man's heart, though it may become perverted into self-love and vanity. Yet in order to be loved one must himself love.

August 20: To-day I finished the tales; not three, but only two. Am not

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satisfied with them. However, 'And They Say' is not bad. My health is still good. To-day I shall drive to Pirogovo. Have had much to write down, but have forgotten it.

1. A trifle. If a man forgets a name and asks another what it is, that person catches the contagion, and also forgets it.

September 3, 1903: . . . I have been thinking of important matters, but have not thought them out. I shall return to them later, and merely jot down now other things that seem worth while.

1. I often confuse people, — daughters, sons, friends, agreeable persons, — so that they become in my consciousness not individuals, but collective concepts. Consequently I am not in error when I take one person for another, but only when I conceive each person as a separate and distinct being. This is not clear. But *je m'entends.*

September 8: My health is better. I have written letters, and also have written concerning God and eternal life. Let me set down: —

1. Who can fail to see that one sense checks another? I sit here and look at what seems to be a chest; I approach it and the chest proves to be a lamp chimney and a bit of the wall; I cross my fingers over each other and feel two marbles instead of one; a mirror; I hear a tinkling of bells and it proves to be turkeys; an unpleasant odor attracts my notice, suggesting neglected garbage — but it proves to come from eggs cooking in the kitchen. Sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, all deceive us, and we discover the deception by changing our position, checking one sense against another. It follows, consequently, that all our sensations may deceive us, and that if our total position were different we might discover our deception. In this life we correct most of our sensory errors immediately. Is it not possible that in the next life, where we completely change our position and senses, we shall be able to correct all the errors of our present life?

In any case, we never have immediate knowledge of anything except our own spiritual I; our apparent knowledge is indirect knowledge, through the senses. The impressions of the senses, beginning with the lowest, can gradually be corrected and verified. But no matter how much we do correct and verify them, we never attain complete knowledge. Therefore our sensory impressions are capable of infinite correction and development.

2. The fact that we cannot know things as they are in and of themselves (except our own spiritual I) does not prove that there is nothing outside ourselves, and that we can know nothing of what is outside ourselves. Other beings distinct from all the remainder of existence live as truly as we do. Our contact with them, our apprehension of them, tells us this, and tells us that they are the same as ourselves.

3. Men display an astounding lack of foresight. For instance, to gratify our taste we eat things that are harmful for us, although we know that they will cause us distress; it is astounding with what lack of foresight we waste our greatest treasures; equally astounding is the lack of foresight with which men neglect to think of death, and therefore neglect also to think of life.

November 14, 1903: For five weeks I have written nothing in my diary. During this period I was busy with Shakespeare. My work grew on my hands, but now it seems to be ended. I cannot boast of my mental energy, but my spiritual state is good. . . .

1. If men are immoral, and their relations with each other are not founded on love, but upon self-interest, all our technical progress, our enlightenment, all the powers which men exercise over

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nature — steam, electricity, telegraphs, machinery, dynamite — are merely dangerous toys put in the hands of children.

2. Even the crudest conception of the Divine (of the Infinite and of the future life), no matter how coarsely and inadequately it is expressed, indicates a higher stage of enlightenment. A man may have mastered every science and every language; he may have brought his intellectual and logical faculties to the highest degree of development; and yet, unless he has attained that other wisdom, — unless he has some conception of God and a future life, unless he has established his relation to the Whole, — he is inferior to a peasant woman who believes in St. Nicholas, the Virgin Mary, and the Saviour, and who has faith that her soul will pass through purgatory, and either suffer eternal torment or enjoy inexpressible bliss in heaven. Such a woman is more enlightened than such a man, because she has an answer for the most important questions of life: why she lives, and to what she looks forward. The man, although he may have shrewd answers for the most complex problems of life, has no answer for the principal questions that face every rational being: why does he live, and what is his destiny?

3. Ordinarily men assume that progress is an increase of knowledge and a fuller life. That is not the truth. Progress consists exclusively in securing light upon the fundamental problems of life. The way of truth is always open. It cannot be otherwise, because the soul of man is a divine spark — truth itself. Our only task is to liberate this divine spark (the truth) from all extraneous things which obscure it. Therefore progress does not consist in multiplying truth, but in liberating truth from what obscures it. Truth, like gold, is not won by adding to it, but by purifying it from what is not gold.

4. Death would be a fearful moral torture if men experienced it in the full possession of their strength. Age and illness make death easy. Even in case of violent death — by wounds, suffocation and the like — the end does not come instantly. But physical suffering prepares men for it. The only difference is that the preparation is speeded up in case of violent death.

5. Man is composed of two natures: a physical nature which gradually grows weaker and dies (Lao-Tse says very beautifully that what is weak and tender, like a child, is powerful and full of life, but what is strong and firm is hastening toward death), so that the physical life of man from his birth to his death is a progress toward annihilation. But there is another human life, the spiritual life, and this waxes stronger from the moment of birth to the moment of death. If a man is not conscious of this second life he is profoundly unfortunate. He is merely a man condemned to death. But if a man is conscious only of his spiritual nature, then the reverse is true: he is conscious, not of his progressive disintegration, but of his steady progress and development.

6. Soldiers are taught to die at the call of duty. They die with their weapons in their hands. Why, then, is it impossible for a Christian — that is, for a man who considers his life but service to God — to die with his weapons in his hands, that is, in the fulfilment of his duty? That should be the more possible, because the acts of a man become more significant and weighty the older he is and the nearer he approaches death. This is what justifies the reverence we pay to old age. . . .

9. I have just read Gegidse's *University Sketches*. An unfortunate, upright young man perceives the absurdity of university learning and of all learned literature, and its utter demoralization.

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He asks what he is to do? Where is there some worthy object toward which he may strive? After concluding offhand that this object cannot be self-perfection, he seeks all other possibilities, none of which satisfies him. God forgive the men who have taught our younger generation that they must devote themselves to external activities, that to devote themselves to spiritual perfection is superfluous, and in fact ridiculous and harmful. The poor young man tries his scheme and constantly seeks some worthy object for which to strive. He finally imagines that he has discovered it in human love. But since he has no conception of a higher nature, this becomes in his case unworthy sensual love, though clothed in a more or less poetic garb. I should like to write a few words of commentary on that theme.

November 30, 1903: 1. Recently, as I was lying in bed, I began to reflect again on life and God. Thereupon the meaning of life and of God ceased to be clear to me; the tortures of doubt seized me. I was in great distress, my heart contracted with agony. But this did not last long. The most terrible thing, it then seemed to me, was that man cannot pray, that no one hears prayers, that there is nothing obligatory in our life. It was not fear of death, but fear of the meaninglessness of things. This did not last long. The first ray of hope flashed from that question which is the starting-point of all reasoning and faith — From what I have come? To what I do return? Thereupon I saw clearly again what the Power who gave me life wishes of me, and my heart was lightened, my doubts vanished. It was rather a physical darkness which enveloped me. A man must always bear in mind that such a phenomenon is essentially physical, a kind of sleep, a sleep of a higher spiritual faculty. In such moments a man should not excite himself with vain questioning, but he should wait until the mood has passed. (I have described the whole process of doubt and liberation from doubt very poorly, but I have realized it in my own experience very powerfully.) . . .

3. Night before last I dreamed that I was writing a humorous but touching tale of a peasant, who had learned all kinds of words that he did not understand and was constantly using them. The story went off very well. For that matter, my brain was very active during the whole night. Three other types appeared before my eyes: one an athletic, gigantic, resolute man, nevertheless subject to fearful attacks of temper which converted him into a beast; another a talkative, brilliant poet, a tender man, capable of impulsive self-sacrifice; the third an egoist, but a magnificent, lovable, gifted man, devoted to women.

December 30, 1903: Have been riding. Cold, frosty weather. In good health, but no energy for work. However, I have thought of many things. . . .

1. If you want to taste the full joy of a good act, do that act secretly, so that only your own soul and God know it. In that case the good act will not be outside yourself, but inside yourself.

2. Three kinds of motives govern the actions of a man: either he surrenders himself to his emotions, or he surrenders himself to suggestion, or he listens only to his own reason; the last of these is the highest degree of wisdom that a man can attain. Liberate yourself first from your emotions, and then from suggestion, and ultimately from your own wisdom, and surrender yourself to the eternal wisdom — God.

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LETTERS FROM AMERICA: 1867. II

BY GIULIO ADAMOLI

From *Nuova Antologia, February* 1
(Literary and Political Semi-Monthly)

February 14, 1867.

We are in the midst of the rebels and have crossed districts where there was furious fighting. Yesterday, after having danced at Mrs. Wallack's until six in the morning, I left at half-past seven with Cantagalli and several gentlemen from the Dutch, the Prussian, and the French legations, for a hunting-trip. The train threaded its way up the valley of the Potomac through superb forests of oaks, walnuts, elms, and gigantic willows, and passed cornfields surrounded by curious zigzag rail fences.

On every hand evidences of man's ferocity stood out in striking contrast to the placid beauty of nature. The whole country is strewn with ruins. At Monocacy, where the train stopped for five minutes, thousands of soldiers fell fighting. At Harpers Ferry we crossed the Potomac on an iron bridge of the lightest imaginable construction. Even here we saw the ruins of houses that had been burned or wrecked by cannon balls. At the railway station were several unroofed buildings, where John Brown fired the first shot in the tremendous struggle that ended with the emancipation of four million slaves. Our train turned up the Shenandoah Valley, which was systematically devastated by Sheridan's cavalry. Our fellow passengers, who were natives of the region, pointed out every half mile or so some landmark commemorating a tragedy of the war. In place of the old stone and brick mansions were miserable makeshift shelters. At Martinsburg a great crowd of curious people was awaiting our arrival, of which they had been advised by telegram. We were most ceremoniously received. Rather exceptionally, among these Southerners we met a Republican who had been wounded four times fighting the Confederates. We were introduced and shook hands: 'You must have a title, of course.' These good people cannot conceive of a plain European without a title. I think they were a little disappointed when Cantagalli assured them I was only a captain, twisting my name in a most ridiculous manner, when he introduced me.

After a very plain breakfast, consisting of meat and beans, we took a turn round the town, which has five thousand inhabitants. The houses are of wood and the streets are in horrible condition. The bank and the courthouse are two shabby structures which could be easily set under our Porticato. The Catholic and the Presbyterian churches, now again serving their original purpose, were used during the war, one as a stable, and the other as a hospital. Martinsburg was the centre of bloody fighting and still shows evidence of that experience. A Confederate described to me how the Union cavalry once charged down the street just as he jumped through a window. We spent the night at the only inn and this morning set forth with our guides in an antiquated army ambulance, looking like a lot of jolly boys starting off to school. We bumped and jolted along an infamous road, but through a

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marvelous country covered with ancient oaks, many of which had been cut down, stripped of their bark for the tanneries, and left to decay where they were lying. The only indication of human settlement was now and then a log cabin. Leaving the deciduous forests at the base of the mountain, we soon were in the midst of evergreens. Fording Back Creek, from which the mountain takes its name, we found ourselves suddenly in the settlement of Mr. Kitcher, who received us, with the proverbial hospitality of a Southern gentleman, in a sketchy sort of residence where service and comfort were still most primitive. Our host is a member of Congress and proprietor of a farm of seven hundred acres. His two occupations keep him very busy. He lost his manor house, live stock, and slaves during the war. He had to start from the bottom to rebuild and to bring his plantation under crop. He has set himself courageously to this task. We met one of his sons hauling in a load of wood; others were working the fields. Wading about in mud up to our knees, we visited the stables, sheds, and poultry yards, all built of unchinked logs until something better can be provided. A dyed-in-the-wool Unionist, he is perfectly ready to sacrifice his property again in another war, rather than make the slightest concession to the complete triumph of his principles.

In order to be perfectly neutral, we took dinner with a neighbor who belongs to the Democratic party. Mr. Granton cultivates a farm of eight hundred acres, planted mostly in grain. He keeps I know not how many head of horses and cattle and fowl. He formerly owned twenty Negro families, and sold his crops at Richmond; but the war changed all that. Now he hires eight families of Negro farm hands and admits frankly that they do more work than the twenty slave families he formerly owned. We had a good dinner by the light of a single tallow candle. It was cooked and served by his own sons and daughters. Mr. Granton favors President Johnson's policy, but does not like him personally. He discourses calmly of politics, disapproves the violent way in which slavery was abolished, and thinks the Negroes were not prepared for liberty. They do not know how to take care of themselves, and it is cruel to abandon them to their own resources. However, time will mend matters. He says all his neighbors feel the same way. Our ambulance took us back to Mr. Kitcher's house to sleep. I write you without much enthusiasm for our proposed hunt to-morrow. Just now it is raining cats and dogs.

WASHINGTON, *February* 17.

Our hunt was spoiled, but our trip as a whole was interesting. Mr. Pendleton, who was recommended to us as a wonderful hunter, either never possessed that art or has forgotten it. In America it is wise not to count much on other people. Every man looks out for himself. No dogs, no beaters, no arrangements whatever; there were three so-called 'hunters,' poorly equipped, who did not know where to take us. They stood transfixed with open-mouthed astonishment when they saw a partridge shot on the wing. The truth is, no one here has time for hunting or any other kind of sport. We made a virtue of necessity and started into the woods in spite of the rain. It was an enchanting country of wonderful beauty. We started a stag, several deer, wild turkeys, foxes, and partridges without number. The region is indeed a happy hunting-ground; but the water came down in torrents, and we returned to Mr. Kitcher's, planning to come back the next day. But when

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we reached the house we found our horses harnessed, and learned that unless we left at once we might not be able to ford Back Creek, which was already swollen. That would mean an indefinite detention. So hastily bidding our hosts farewell, we drove away. At Back Creek the water was already over the flanks of the horses. We reached the hotel at Martinsburg, bruised and famished, to find a most palatable dinner awaiting us.

In spite of its mischances I am well pleased with the trip. It has enabled me to see the country and the ways of living outside the city. I admire the iron will of the Americans. I did not meet more than thirty people at the settlement we visited, but what a marvelous example they afforded — those brave fellows energetically and courageously carving out new fortunes to replace those they had lost! The public school already had forty pupils. I asked a boy what he was studying. He answered: grammar, history, geography, and arithmetic. All the people read the newspapers. It was humiliating to find those rude settlers better informed than I was of affairs in Italy.

RICHMOND, *February* 20.

Unhappy Virginia, how you have suffered! From the car window I seemed to see nothing but shell-shattered trees, dilapidated breastworks, abandoned blockhouses, and old trench lines. Richmond, the former Confederate capital, is half in ashes. When the Southern forces were compelled to abandon the city, they set fire to it. The pursuing Federals saved all they could from the flames. From what still remains I can understand why Richmond was considered one of the more important cities of the Union. In spite of their defeat the people retain their rebel spirit. I saw pictures of Jeff Davis and Robert Lee in all the windows, where pictures of Lincoln and Grant would be displayed in the North. Many ladies wear mourning. The first newspaper I opened was filled with abuse of Sumner and low insinuations about Mrs. Sumner. A company of black troops marched past. The whites scowled and turned away their faces, but admiring Negroes packed the sidewalks to see them go by. The black people, intoxicated with their freedom, throng to anything that resembles a show. I saw a school for Negro girls, whose recent opening caused great indignation among the white residents of the city. Among my letters is one to the commanding officer here, who is a Northener, and one to John Grinning, a Southerner. Naturally I paid my first call upon the latter. In rebel territory I prefer to spend my time with rebels. Mr. Grinning took me to see a cemetery where twenty thousand Confederates are buried. The great park which flanks it was the favorite resort of Richmond society. Beautiful carriages filled with elegant gentlemen and ladies formerly thronged its drives. Now it is deserted. I was shown the residence of Jeff Davis and the Headquarters of General Lee. My host described conditions during the siege, when a glass of whiskey cost seven dollars. He told me how the Confederates, in their extreme need of soldiers, sent patrols through the streets gathering up boys and old men, who were put in uniform, handed guns, and sent to fill the gaps in the thinning ranks manning the three lines of fortifications surrounding the city. Now a Federal commanding officer exercises absolute power as Military Governor; and although there is no formal state of siege or martial law, and although the press is free, the army takes things in its own hands whenever it thinks best. Mr. Grinning, however, praised greatly the humane way in which the

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Federals extinguished fires which the maddened Confederates set before evacuation. This prompt action by the Northern soldiers saved whole quarters of the town from destruction.

MEMPHIS, *February* 23.

A white friend, bidding me goodbye at Washington, said: 'You are about to face one of the greatest dangers a man can encounter — four days on an American railway.' I did not realize how true that was. I have just traveled over rails laid more or less at haphazard, poorly attached to the crossties, on a roadbed consisting of the virgin earth, — sometimes rock, sometimes mud, — without a particle of ballast. We crossed wooden bridges that did not look as though they could carry the train; yet when we least expected it, behold, we would come to a magnificent iron bridge solidly constructed. Naturally trains run at very moderate speed. The cars are comfortable, and at night we had sleepers with good beds. We saw much beautiful country from the rear platform of the last car, especially passing the Allegheny Mountains. The contours of the hills and valleys are gentle and pleasing. Countless streams enliven the landscape. Enormous forests and vast fields of corn and wheat stretch as far as the eye can reach. A great maple-sugar grove attracted my attention. Each trunk had two incisions about a yard from the ground, into which little taps were inserted leading to wooden buckets, which are soon filled with a sweet sap which is used in place of sugar. I cannot see why these trees are not introduced in Italy, where they certainly would be most welcome.

But there is a reverse side to the medal. We passed many desolate-looking farmhouses and miserable hovels. Millions of feet of fallen timber were rotting where they lay. The monotony of the landscape, although alleviated here and there by bright spots, depresses the spirits. The mighty oaks and green meadows are all alike. The never-ending lines of zigzag rail fences tire the eyes. The incessant puffing of the locomotive wearies the ear, until its iteration becomes almost unendurable.

I stopped at Bristol, a small town of fifteen thousand people, on the boundary line between Virginia and Tennessee. Though it was night there was not a single street lamp lighted. A stranger ran the risk of bogging himself beyond hope in the miry street. The innkeeper was a lusty youth, overflowing with abuse of the Yankees. He sold me execrable cigars, saying that he did not keep better ones in order to avoid paying taxes to the hated Government at Washington.

So I journeyed across the states of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, touching at Knoxville, Chattanooga, Athens, Corinth, and other budding towns adorned with pompous names, finally coming to villages and gardens where the magnolia was in bloom. After so much solitude and so many miserable little towns, it was a relief to reach again this centre of life and business, Memphis, magnificently poised above the Mississippi. From the window of the Gayoso House, which has been restored, I have a view of the majestic river and the immense steamboats which plow it. One of them has a steam organ, to encourage the stevedores loading cargo. The great levee is piled high with bags of grain, bales of cotton, and other country produce, and is alive with bustling people of every color and vehicles of every kind. Huge warehouses tower in the neighborhood of the landing. One of the largest has been converted into a barracks, where sentries in plumed hats remind the vaniquished of their defeat.

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When one contemplates the immense traffic here, it seems impossible that a disastrous war has but recently swept over the country. I am told that trade was even brisker in the 'good old days.'

I went to the theatre, where the acting was fair, but the shrill whistling with which the restless public expressed its approval was insupportable. The toilettes of the ladies were a little careless. I was not able to attend a dance which the proprietor of the hotel gave for his guests.

On Board Mississippi Steamboat Arthur,
February 27.

I resume the thread of my narrative, which was interrupted at Memphis when I took the train. As we proceeded southward the climate became milder, the buds were breaking into foliage, and cotton fields began to appear by the side of the track. I stopped at Jackson, where I discovered, in the midst of a clutter of insignificant wooden buildings, an old State House in utter dilapidation, bearing melancholy witness to the fact that this town was the capital of the state of Mississippi. I tried to climb up to the cupola, but was in danger of breaking my neck. Here is where Sheridan defeated General Jackson. The country around the town is still dotted with bones, skeletons, horses, fragments of shells, broken pieces of guns, and other débris of battle.

In the very midst of this mournful picture is a trench where an enormous cannon lies half-buried in the mud. A cluster of skulls has been heaped about it. The ill-kept hotel where I dined was the former Confederate Headquarters. The landlord, perceiving that I was a foreigner, described the distress of the country to me at great length. Formerly Jackson had four thousand inhabitants; now there are scarcely two thousand, and these are miserably poor. I tried to encourage him by saying that in this country recovery would be rapid. He scratched his head, cursed the Yankees, and said that Jackson would never be the same town again, certainly not for a generation. He lamented the good old days when the people had slaves and raised great crops of cotton.

I took the train at four o'clock for the forty-five miles which separates Jackson from Vicksburg. The train jumped about like a rabbit, and crossed rivers on slender insecure trestles that made me dizzy. However, the Americans with their makeshift methods of construction have managed to extend their railways to the remotest corners of their vast territory, and do not seem to have many more accidents than we do in Europe.

Our train halted on the banks of the Mississippi, whose stately grandeur I never cease admiring. Vicksburg is a pretty town with a true Southern atmosphere. Breathing the fragrant air of its piny bluffs, I felt myself back in Sicily. The villas in the suburbs crown low elevations and are surrounded by gardens shaded with evergreens. This place was besieged by General Grant. A wounded ex-Confederate whom I chanced to meet pointed out the trenches where the fighting was the fiercest, the point where Grant delivered his final assault, and the monument where Grant received the surrender of General Pemberton.

My best view of Vicksburg was the last, from the deck of the departing steamboat. This mammoth structure is a whole countryside in itself. Its broad main deck carries cattle, horses, mules, — beautiful animals, — bales of cotton, barrels of whiskey, casks of lard. In the first-class cabin on the upper deck are one hundred and four berths in small staterooms surrounding a luxurious central hall, ninety paces

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long and eight paces broad. In an emergency one hundred additional cots can be placed in the main salon.

For long distances the Father of Waters flows through almost uninhabited lowlands covered with immense forests. The steamboats are almost the only sign of life along the turbid reaches of the River. When we pass them at night, brightly illuminated, they produce a fairy-like effect. Thousands of wild duck rise almost under our paddle wheels as we glide along, adding the only touch of life to this impressive solitude. When we halted at Natchez, in the dusk of the evening, pitch-pine flares lit up with a lurid glow the woolly heads and ebony limbs of the black minions of an imperious white Beelzebub, to the accompaniment of whose furious imprecations they cast upon the shore souls of the damned, incarnated in the bodies of sheep and swine. As I watched this Dantesque scene, my thoughts turned with profound emotion to the heroes who, in loyalty to a principle, with ineffable Christian charity, with sublime abnegation, shed rivers of blood and lavished untold wealth in order to emancipate these beings, embruted I know not whether by slave shackles or by inferiority of race. I asked myself whether such creatures were worth this enormous sacrifice. I asked myself whether it would ever be possible to elevate them, to make them conscious of the rights and duties of freemen, as my philanthropic Northern friends propose. I wondered whether the work of redemption thus undertaken with such implicit faith would ever truly be accomplished. Bah! While I am still struggling with these impressions, I turn to find myself confronting the stupid face of my Negro cabin steward. He has just entered, gesticulating as though he were possessed, and stands before me, his mouth open with a silly grin that exposes a great row of ivory teeth. My first impulse is to strike him, but I finish by laughing at him until tears come to my eyes.

We moored at a deserted landing to take on wood. River steamers and railway locomotives stop at solitary forest clearings for fuel, because it is cheaper there than in the larger towns. At Bayou Sarah we unloaded our mules. They amused us by careering like mad over the neighboring prairie. After passing Baton Rouge, the old capital of Louisiana, where we again saw civilized dwellings grouped around a State House of fantastic architecture, — a cluster of little towers, — the country gradually acquires a Southern aspect. Cotton fields alternate with fields of sugar cane. We begin to see palm trees, orange trees, and indeed fruit trees of all kinds, in blossom. Cozy little cottages with low verandas peek from behind the levees, and sugar mills stand half hidden in the foliage. At length New Orleans appears ahead.

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THE REVIVAL OF HENLEY

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

From the *London Quarterly Review, January*
(WESLEYAN CONSERVATIVE QUARTERLY)

I NOTICE a curious revival of interest in Henley, caused by the publication of his letters and works, in five volumes, which have been widely reviewed. Henley was a striking personality. He had no genius; he was not a great writer. I never met him. I heard a great deal about Henley from Yeats, who had an immense admiration for the man and for his prose. It delights me to read in his *Memoirs of Four Years* an account of Henley which is admirable, sympathetic, and, above all, entirely written from the Irish point of view. He says there: 'I disagreed with him about everything, but I admired him beyond words. Henley often revised my lyrics, crossing out a stanza or a line and writing in one of his own, and I was comforted by my belief that he also rewrote Kipling, then in the first flood of popularity.' I remember Yeats telling me one night, when he was spending a winter with me in Fountain Court, the impression he had of the first meeting of Wilde and Henley at Henley's room in Westminster. He said to me, Wilde tried his utmost to fascinate Henley by his brilliant paradoxes, by his sudden gymnastics, with words in which the phrase itself was always worth more than it said. All that time his fixed idea was, I imagine, to endeavor to imitate his lifelong enemy, once his friend, Whistler, by transfixing Henley with some poisoned dagger, such as the one he refers to in the painted and heavily perfumed pages of *Dorian Gray*. He did not fascinate Henley; Henley beat him down, time after time, with some heavy weapon of his own fashioning. The result was, in Yeats's words: 'When I dined with Wilde a few days afterwards he began at once, "I had to strain every nerve to equal that man at all," and I was too loyal to speak my thought, "You and not he said all the brilliant things." He, like the rest of us, had felt the strain of an intensity that seemed to hold life at the point of drama.'

In the poetry of Henley, so interesting always, and at times so admirable, I find an example to my hand of modernity in verse. For a man of such eager and active temperament, a writer of such intellectual vivacity, his literary baggage is singularly small. In any case, there is something revolutionary about his work, as in his verse, which he can enlarge so as to take in London; perhaps a test of the poetry which professes to be modern — its capacity for dealing with London, with what one might see there, indoors and out of doors. To be modern in poetry, to represent one's self to be modern and yet poetical, is, perhaps, the most difficult, as it certainly is the most interesting, of all artistic achievements. Had Walt Whitman — whose work remains a suggestion, not an accomplishment — possessed the art, as he possessed and at times revealed the soul, of poetry, it is possible that in him we might have found the typical modern poet. On the contrary, Henley's subject matter in verse was a discovery. His verse is made out of personal sensations, verse which is half physiological, verse which is pathology; and yet, at its

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best, poetry. Always undoubtedly modern, using too often merely prosaic words, he has set some of the most human emotions to a music that is itself curiously modern, as in certain jingles, which seem to give a particular, hardly defined sensation with ingenious success. It is a sensation vague in itself, delicious and frivolous, an inconsequent, inconsistent emotion, born of some happy accident.

I have at times felt, with an intense horror and aversion, a bourgeois solemnity in much of the really quite good, the very respectable work in verse that is done nowadays — bourgeois, for all its distinction, of a kind. Only, when I use the word nowadays, the word itself is as explicit to me at the exact moment when I am writing these lines, as it was in the days of Dowson, as it was in the days of Verlaine. The taint, the plague spot of bad verse has always been that of the bourgeois. Only at that time none of us who were actually artists were afraid of emotion, were ashamed of frivolity, were aghast at passion. Only now, certainly, I know not how many verse-makers are concerned only with the question that the sentiment as well as the rhyme must be right. Still, when Henley found what was really a personal emotion, — he was ashamed of none of the human instincts, — it was with a brush of passionate impressionism that he painted for us the London of midsummer nights, London at 'the golden end' of October afternoons, London cowering in winter under the wind fiend 'out of the poisonous east' In his impression of the mood of deadly companionship of the sea and of night he certainly succeeded in flashing the picture, in realizing the intangible: —

Growling, obscene, and hoarse,
Tales of unnumbered ships,
Goodly and strong, companions of the advance,
In some vile alley of the night
Waylaid and bludgeoned —
Dead.

These lines, like so many of Henley's later verse, are written in *vers libre;* he made for himself a rough, serviceable metre in unrhymed verse, full of twitching nerves and capable of hurrying or dragging. I have always wondered whether it is an unreasonable prejudice that inclines me to question the wisdom of doing without rhyme in measures that seem to demand it. It is to be found in Tasso's 'Aminta'; in Leopardi, whose genius and structure are infinitely superior to Tasso's; in D'Annunzio's 'Francesca da Rimini,' where the metre is purely a means to an end — a dramatic end. In English verse I find the most perfect example of blank verse varied into half-lyric measures in some of the speeches in Milton's 'Samson Agonistes': —

But who is this? What thing of land or sea —
Female of sex it seems —
That, so bedecked, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing,
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
Of Javan and Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play?

This in its way is perfect, but I have always felt — as I feel now — that to do without rhyme is to do without one of the beauties of poetry; I think, one of its inherent beauties.

Revolutionary always, as I have said, Henley had a wholesome but perilous discontent with the conventions of verse and of language; he was always — in this I admired him — very emphatic in likes and in dislikes, always eagerly, honestly, never quite dispassionately. Original, brilliant, pictorial, his style tired one by its pungency, dazzled one by its glitter. Every word had to be emphatic and every stroke had to score heavily — as his own speech always had to — and every sentence had to be an epigram. I have only to turn over the pages of Henley's prose to select one of

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his passionate utterances; it is on George Borrow, who is always true to that 'peculiar mind and system of nerves' of which he is always aware, and which drives him into all sorts of cunning ways of telling the truth and of making it bewildering; who in those pages of *Lavengro*, where he describes his paroxysm of fear in the dingle, descends into some 'obscure night of the soul.'

'Lavengro emerges from the ordeal most consciously magnificent. Circumstantial as Defoe, rich in combinations as Lesage, and with such an instinct of the picturesque, both personal and local, as none of them possessed, this strange wild man holds on his strange wild way, and leads you captive to the end. Moreover, that his dialogue should be set down in racy, nervous, idiomatic English, with a kind of language at once primitive and scholarly, forceful but homely, — the speech of the artist in sods and turfs, — if at first it surprise and charm, yet ends by seeming so natural and just that you go on to forget all about it, and accept the whole thing as the genuine outcome of a man's experience, which it purports to be. Add that it is all entirely unsexual; that there is none with so poor an intelligence of the heart as woman moves it; that the book does not exist in which the relations between boy and girl are more miserably misrepresented than in *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*; that that picturesque ideal of romance which, finding utterance in Hurtado de Mendoza, was presently to appeal to such artists as Cervantes, Quevedo, Lesage, Smollett, finds such expression in *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye* as nowhere else.'

We know that Rossetti had the genius of verbal mystery; that his verse has an actually hypnotic quality which exerts itself on those who come within his magic circle; that when Rossetti speaks, no other voice, for the moment, seems worth listening to; that, after he died, the world was not quite the same as it was before. What has Henley to say of him? 'But if he can read "Sister Helen" without wishing that at least a third part of it had remained unwritten, — or at least unpublished, — then he has to show that he is fully alive to the perfection, and at every point awake to the completeness of "Kubla Khan" and the "Ode to a Nightingale"; that (in fine) he knows the difference between organic art and art that is inorganic in that the life it lives is only one of suggestions and phrases, the half of which we should have spared, and whose aggregate effect is to set us wondering if Milton were not a mistake, and if Shakespeare would not really be the better for a vast deal of chastisement.'

Here Henley loses all his sense of values; even more so when he attempts — and how vainly — to weigh in his slender balances the enormous, the tremendous, the creative genius of Balzac. 'He was the least capable and the most self-conscious of artists; his observation was that of an inspired and very careful auctioneer; he was a visionary and a fanatic; he was gross, ignorant, morbid of mind, cruel in heart, vexed with a strain of Sadism that makes him on the whole corrupting and ignoble in effect.' Only a man with an ignoble mind could have written this venomous diatribe. On Rabelais he shoots no venom. 'For Rabelais clean is not Rabelais at all. His grossness is an essential component in his mental fabric, an element in whose absence he would not be Rabelais, but somebody else.' He is almost as eloquent, when he writes on Cyril Tourneur, as Swinburne. 'Tourneur's was a fierce and bitter spirit. The words in which he unpacked his heart are vitalized with passion. As for three or four lines in "The Revenger's Tragedy," each is of such an amazing propriety, is

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so keenly discriminated, is so obviously the product of an imagination burning with rage and hate, that it strikes you like an affront; each is an incest taken in the fact and branded there and then.'

Even here his vocabulary is reckless; it was in his verse that he tried to curb himself to a restraint in the debauch of sounding and colored words. Henley's verse, whenever it has been good, has always been a whisper, or a pathetic cry, or a lilt which seems to come from a long way off, like the sound of dance music at a village fair heard across the fields. His brave lamentings over himself and the pains of his body in the 'Hospital' poems; his impressions of streets, and parks, and water, and the City seasons, in the *London Voluntaries;* all the flitting snatches of song, which he has scattered up and down his pages, have a personal quality, and strike a personal note. They are often speech rather than song; but, after all, there is room for speech in poetry, when it is the utterance of an interesting personality and really says something. Some of them are quite evanescent song, giving us the delight of music with the least possible accompaniment of words. But in much of his verse, and notably in his patriotic pamphlet, *For England's Sake*, Henley shouts at the top of his voice, and his voice is not suited for shouting. His favorite Byron, it is true, often shouted, and Henley has been telling us that Byron is the only modern English poet worth reading; or — what he conceives to be the same thing — the only modern English poet whom he himself cares to read. But though Byron would have been a better poet if he had never shouted at all, it cannot be denied that he shouted to uncommonly good effect, and that his voice carried to an uncommonly long distance. Henley is an exquisite poet with many limitations. He has not written much, but he has written too much. If he had given us only his very best, how good it would have been! But, like most people whose range is limited, he seems to wish above all things to produce an effect of breadth. At his best naturally a delicate poet, he would be a vigorous and even ferocious poet. He came to us with a little book of verses in which were a few good lines — a few, as it were, accidental glimmerings of imagination — but not one poem. Some of it was like boyish verse done for play, some like journalistic verse done for an occasion, some like verse done as a challenge to Kipling. Now Kipling's verse, even where it is not slang, is rarely poetry; but it is, for the most part, clean and neat in its rhythmical swing, well adapted for the purposes of the music halls, easy to remember, even without tune, praiseworthy in its control of the means of clarity, and, in short, a genuine article of its kind. But Henley has been too good a poet to be able to compete with Kipling on the level of this particular kind of platform. Kipling is like a practised musician in that strange orchestra which we see sometimes in the street, clinging around one performer; he nods his head, and the bells tinkle about his pagoda-shaped hat, he stamps his foot, and the drumstick bangs the drum and sets the cymbals clapping on his back, and all the while he is playing a concertina with both his hands, and perhaps blowing into a Panpipe with his mouth. But Henley never got accustomed to his orchestra before coming out into the street. The drumstick fell on the wrong beat, the cymbals would not clash, the concertina would lose its way in the tune. He should have been playing a flute in the fields, and instead of this he strayed into a noisy profession which did not suit him.

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WAR AMONG THE TEACUPS

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

From the *New Statesman, February 4*
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

FOR twenty years Lady Bertha Foxley and the Honorable Mrs. Burnett had ruled over the society of their countryside. They had married for money rather than rank, for they knew that marriage without money is perfectly impossible, and, after all, when it came to rank, each knew that she had enough for two.

Unhappily, Lady Bertha and Janet Burnett had quarreled. The quarrel was, of course, notorious: no event of that importance can pass unperceived in a cathedral town.

Socially, it would have been less damning to break the most tempting of the Ten Commandments than to invite Lady Bertha and Mrs. Burnett together or even to allow them to be exposed to one another by accident. On one terrible occasion the two ladies had called simultaneously on a common acquaintance, and their distracted hostess had only just succeeded in averting disaster by the deft manipulation of a French window and two (luckily she had two) drawing-room doors: that night she had gone to bed physically prostrated but mentally uplifted.

But Mrs. Symington was different; she was what is called a go-ahead person. When her husband bought a charming little property a mile from the town, she promised herself that she would, as she put it, 'wake these people up.' The quarrel between Lady Bertha and Mrs. Burnett was just the opportunity she wanted. 'Take care to keep them apart?' she said, scornfully. 'Nonsense! I shall ask them together.' And, what is more, she did.

The news caused excited consternation. It is safe to say that everybody except the belligerent ladies knew about the plot, and, of course, everybody accepted with the greatest pleasure Mrs. Symington's invitation to her 'At Home.'

Mrs. Burnett was the first to arrive. Her entry caused a flutter, for everyone felt that the drop-curtain, so to speak, had risen.

Mrs. Symington received the great lady with becoming effusion, and Mrs. Burnett was already seated on a sofa with a cup of tea when Lady Bertha was announced. It was a tense moment. Would the ladies make a scene, would they simply ignore one another, or would they treat one another with elaborate and acidulated politeness? The company felt the same delightful sensation as when something slightly profane or indecent has been said; half of them watched Lady Bertha and the other half Mrs. Burnett.

What happened, however, was the totally unexpected. Lady Bertha, with a sudden little cry of pleasure and surprise, sailed straight for Mrs. Burnett, who welcomed her with transparent delight.

'Dear Bertha,' she said, with a charming smile, 'do come and sit by me.'

The situation was over. While the buzz of conversation was resumed, the two ladies sat smiling on the sofa and

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they monopolized one another for the rest of their visit.

'An unexpected . . . pleasure, Bertha,' said Mrs. Burnett. 'What ages since we have met!'

'Since we have met, yes; but not since we have seen one another. I saw you only a week ago, Janet, walking past the new Bank Buildings. You appeared to be quite absorbed by them.'

'Indeed? What can have been the reason?'

'What, my dear, but your profound interest in architecture?'

Mrs. Burnett accepted the explanation with a smile. 'One sees,' she said, 'so little to attract one here. Your health, I hope, is better?'

'Better? Excellent, thank you, and has been for years.'

'I am glad. I thought, of late, that you had been looking ill, or not ill, perhaps, but — in a way — older.'

'What can you expect, my dear Janet? In three years I shall be fifty. Tell me, does it not feel dreadful to be fifty?'

'Age is a question not of years but of constitution.'

'You encourage me. So one can slowly become accustomed to it?'

'Your husband is well, I hope, and more free to enjoy himself nowadays?'

'Nowadays? My husband left the city fifteen years ago.'

'Indeed! I had forgotten. I thought his constant visits to town were on business.'

'You thought so, perhaps, because he often goes up by your husband's train. Why don't you insist on that poor man retiring? Such hours at his age must be a great strain. But then — er — grocery, is n't it? Such a tie, such a responsibility! To keep the sand out of the sugar must in itself . . .'

'Dearest Bertha! As witty as ever! But your memory is not what it was.'

'I have a better memory than you think, my dear.'

'Yet you speak of grocery. My husband, as you well know, is on the Stock Exchange. Surely you are confusing him with some of Mr. Foxley's relations?'

'My dear Janet! Of what will you accuse me next? I have never allowed myself to make fun of my husband's family.'

As the contest proceeded, the two ladies found not only their wits sharpening but their hearts warming under an invigorating give-and-take. After a particularly smart slap from Mrs. Burnett, Lady Bertha could resist no longer.

'Dearest Janet,' she exclaimed, 'there is no one to compare with you. How absurd that we should be separated. Why, one has almost forgotten how to talk! Promise me that you will dine with us on Thursday?'

'Of course we will,' replied Mrs. Burnett; 'that is, if my husband can get away from his grocery.'

Lady Bertha laughed softly.

To their observers the two ladies had appeared to be conversing with the most perfect affability; smiles, inclinations, little brief gestures, pointed to an agile and amiable progress over the surfaces of things. Some asserted that a reconciliation had been effected previously; others that the quarrel had been exaggerated. But Mrs. Symington maintained that she and she alone had done the trick.

So she had. She had also simultaneously achieved something else she had not intended.

Lady Bertha and Mrs. Burnett guessed their meeting was the result not of ignorance, but of independence. They agreed that Mrs. Symington was an intrusive and rather vulgar little person who must be dropped, and henceforth Mr. and Mrs. Symington ceased to count in the society of that countryside.

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CLEANSING IN THE CAUCASUS

BY S. M.

[This curious account of one of the Party cleansings that occur periodically under the Communist Government suggests that the untutored Russian country people conceive — naïvely, or with an instinctive vision of social verities? — an analogy between political and religious discipline.]

From *Moscow Pravda, November 29*
(OFFICIAL BOLSHEVIST DAILY)

THERE came a certain Communist from the division for supplying the army and asked that he be excluded from the Party. 'It is hard for me to be a Communist,' he said. To the persistent questions of the Reviewing Commission he finally replied: 'You will find it out anyway, so I had better tell you. I stole three shirts.'

Another time a woman came to the Commission. She inquired for a member and became agitated and wished to leave. They calmed her and questioned her. It appeared that she wished to anticipate comrades who would give information against her. Her misconduct was negligible.

Many cases of repentance occurred. When questioned, comrades would confess in agitated broken words their own bad actions. This public confession undoubtedly had a great educational influence. It was very rare for persons to resign from the Party. In such instances the reason assigned was the weight of Party responsibility. In one instance two brothers came to the Commission. They were veteran Revolutionists. The elder said: 'Please excuse one of us; we can't manage it. We are repeatedly receiving word to the effect that it is our turn to go after bandits, that it is our turn for Saturday work, that we must attend such and such a meeting, until we have no time to cultivate our farms and educate our children. We are constantly at the service of the Soviet authorities and the Party. So please excuse one of us.'

Peasants welcome this Party cleansing, and take the occasion to send delegations to inquire about matters quite unrelated to its functions. They wish to inquire about the produce tax and the land regulations. In some of the mountain villages of the Caucasus the peasants are compelled to devote all the daytime to their farms, and so the sessions of the Commission were held at night. Long processions of peasants from neighboring villages would come to the point of meeting at night, lighting their way along the mountain trail with torches and singing revolutionary songs.

A great number of men who were not members of the Communist Party assisted the Commission. One old Non-Partisan came out against his son who was a Communist, hotly declaring that the latter was not worthy to be in the Party, for he had been married by a priest, and had even on one occasion refused to deliver a package when he was ordered to do so by the local Soviet. He, the father, an old man and not a Communist, had been obliged to deliver the package for his son.

In some places the number expelled from the Party as unworthy of membership was as high as 60 per cent. Among those excluded were the Presi-

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dent and Secretary of the local branch of the Extraordinary Commission, and several officers in the Finance and Educational Department. In most cases, however, the reason for excluding them was for adherence to Social Revolutionary and Menshevist principles.

At one meeting of the Commission a Communist said that, although he did not know what the decision would be in regard to himself, and although he might find himself excluded from the Party, he considered the cleansing a most useful process. After the meeting was over, it turned out that he was really among those who were expelled.

CONSTITUTION-MAKING IN TRANSCAUCASIA

[We referred in the Living Age *of January 28 to the numerous allied and autonomous republics and territories into which Soviet Russia has been divided. The following document is an interesting example of the new organic law which is slowly evolving — though under most untoward conditions — in the vast territories which were but recently under autocratic government. The Caucasian states tried to form a Confederation immediately after the first Russian Revolution in 1917, but it speedily fell apart. This new constitution, which has just been ratified under Moscow's auspices, again brings these tiny and mutually antagonistic peoples under a single government. Transcaucasia, like the Ukraine, thus becomes an ally rather than an integral part of the Russian Soviet Republic; although the relation is somewhat like that of the Young Lady of Niger before she disappeared from view.]*

From *Moscow Isvestiya, December 24*
(Bolshevist Official Daily)

At the last plenary meeting of the Caucasus Bureau of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party, it was decided to form a commission to elaborate a project for a treaty of alliance[1] between the republics of Transcaucasia. At the present time, the commission has completed its labors by the adoption of the following project of a treaty of alliance.

[1] The Russian word *soiuz* means 'alliance, league, union.' It is difficult in the above to know which is the best word to use. 'Alliance' is the commonest meaning, but in speaking of the federal institutions above described 'union' and 'united' would seem to be the proper terms. On the other hand, in Article 13 'union' would give a false idea, and we have therefore used the term 'treaty of alliance' there and in speaking of the original plan.

The Plenipotentiary Congress of the Representatives of the Socialist Soviet Republics of Azerbaijan, Armenia, and Georgia, starting from the rights of the peoples to self-determination as proclaimed in the great proletariat revolution, recognizing the independence and sovereignty of each of the contracting parties, and appreciating the necessity of concentrating their strength for purposes of defense and in the interest of economic development, have resolved that henceforth the Socialist Soviet Republics of Azerbaijan, Armenia, and Georgia shall enter into a close military, political, and economic alliance on the following basis: —

1. The supreme authority of the United Republic shall reside in a Pleni-

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potentiary Congress of representatives chosen in equal number by the Governments of Azerbaijan, Armenia, and Georgia.

2. The executive organ of the Plenipotentiary Conference shall reside in a United Council,[2] whose members shall be chosen and recalled by the Congress.

3. The competence of the United Council shall extend to military affairs, finance, foreign policy, external trade, ways and communications, liaison of the peoples, the fight against counter-revolution, and the conduct of economic policy in the territories of the three treaty-making republics.

4. The United Council shall consist of a presiding officer and his substitute, and the following members: —

a) a people's commissar of military affairs

b) a people's commissar of finance

c) a people's commissar of foreign affairs

d) a people's commissar of posts and telegraphs

e) a people's commissar of external trade

f) the chief of the administration of ways and communications

g) the presiding officer of the extraordinary commission to fight against counter-revolution.

Remark 1. The corresponding people's commissars in the treaty-making states will be retired, with the exception of the extraordinary commissions to fight against counter-revolution, which will be maintained in the republics in subordination to the United Extraordinary Commission.

Remark 2. The people's commissars of military affairs, finance, posts, and telegraphs, will have, in the treaty-making republics, plenipotentiaries, who shall be *ex officio* members of the Governments of those republics.

5. The United Council, in all questions embraced in the sphere of its competence, shall issue decrees, orders and instructions, and in general shall take all measures necessary for the accomplishment of the tasks imposed upon it.

6. For the unification of the activities of all the economic agents in the territories of the treaty-making republics, there shall be formed a Supreme Economic Council, which shall operate *ex officio* as a permanent commission of the United Council.

7. The Supreme Economic Council shall comprise, as presiding officer *ex officio*, the presiding officer or the substitute of the presiding officer of the United Council, as members *ex officiis*, the people's commissars of military and naval affairs, finance, ways and communications, and external trade, representatives of the economic councils of the treaty-making republics, the representative of the Transcaucasus Council of the Professional Unions, and the representative of the Union of Workmen and Peasants Inspection.

8. The Supreme Economic Council shall make a unified economic programme for the United Republic, shall present it for confirmation to the Congress, shall direct the work of the economic commissariats in accordance with this programme, shall supervise its execution, and in cases of necessity shall make exceptions to the programme.

9. The decisions of the Supreme Economic Council shall be unconditionally binding on all United departments and institutions, and likewise on all the economic councils of the treaty-making republics.

10. In these cases in which the orders of the Supreme Economic Council affect departments and institutions

[2] The word *soviet* means 'council,' and we have therefore translated it, except when it is used as an adjective part of a title.

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which have not been unified, the Supreme Economic Council will carry them out through the corresponding economic councils of the republics.

11. Attached to the United Councils, there shall be instituted a United Workmen and Peasants Inspection for the guidance and the unification of the work of the people's commissariats of workmen and peasants inspection in the domain of questions of United jurisdiction and likewise for the control of the activity of the United agents.

12. The United Councils and the agents subject to it shall in all their actions render an account to the Plenipotentiary Congress of the Representatives of the United Republics. The Plenipotentiary Congress shall have the right to veto or modify every disposition or resolution of the United Council, of the Supreme Economic Council, and of the other United agents, either on appeals by the Governments of the republics, or according to its own judgment.

13. The United Republic shall establish mutual relations with the Russian Socialistic Federated Soviet Republic on the basis of a treaty of alliance.

(*Signed*) THE COMMITTEE OF THE CAUCASUS BUREAU OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE RUSSIAN COMMUNIST PARTY CHARGED WITH THE ELABORATION OF A TREATY OF ALLIANCE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHLIEMANN

BY EDUARD KRAUSE

[*This year is the centenary of the birth of Heinrich Schliemann, the discoverer of the site of ancient Troy. He was a man of eccentric but endearing personal qualities, that made him remarkably popular with his friends and acquaintances.*]

From *Vossische Zeitung, January 5*
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

I MADE the acquaintance of Heinrich Schliemann, the discoverer of Troy, in 1880, in connection with the first Prehistorical Exhibition in Berlin. That affair was in charge of Voss and myself. As one of the two managers, I was having a deal of trouble with eccentric German scholars, whose heads were constantly in the clouds and whose feet seldom touched the earth. Among the most constant visitors was Schliemann, whom Virchow introduced to me. He was at that time a very busy man, at the zenith of his Berlin popularity. People fairly fought to secure introductions to him, and to have him as a guest. He had just brought his famous Troy collection from England to Berlin, and had given it to the German Government. Virchow had visited Schliemann at Athens, and accompanied him when he went to Asia Minor to supervise the excavations at Hissarlik. Schliemann, who had become more than half an Englishman, was highly flattered by the attention

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of a man of Virchow's standing, and assented to his suggestion that he transfer his Trojan relics from South Kensington to the Art Museum in Berlin. He was rewarded for this with royal decorations and other marks of distinction, which he valued immensely.

As a result of our acquaintance at the Exhibition, he asked me to assist him in arranging his materials at the Art Museum. I gladly consented; but found him a difficult man to work with. For four weeks he toiled daily, from six in the morning until late in the evening, in his shirt sleeves — literally earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. He never had a moment for anything else. He was consumed with nervous haste and obsessed with the idea of the priceless value of his collection — for which he had some justification. Evenings, when we left the hall in the Museum assigned for his antiquities we locked every case containing any of his articles. He would then lock the keys in a steel cash box and hand me the key of it, which he ordered me to keep in my pocketbook. Each evening one of the Museum guards was required to deliver this box to the superintendent of the building, who did not reside in the building itself. The guard had to get the box the following morning and bring it to me. I would open it, take out the keys in Schliemann's presence, unlock the cases, and our work would be resumed. It was quite as safe merely to lock the door of the room where the collection was installed; for it was in a Government building, guarded day and night. But Schliemann did not consider that security enough for his 'priceless treasures,' as he always called them, in a loud, singsong voice, to every visitor.

One evening I neglected to lock a case containing a few pieces of broken pottery and other insignificant fragments. I did not think this was necessary, inasmuch as hundreds of vases, inscriptions, and other articles were lying exposed in confusion on the long tables in the room. But the next morning Schliemann discovered the unlocked case before we began to work, and fell into a fury which seemed perfectly incredible to me. When he finally carried the thing too far, I begged him to be a little more moderate, observing that we were neither among Greek bandits nor English curiosity seekers. He had often told me how the latter would steal things under his nose in London. I said his treasures were guarded by Prussian officials, who insured their safety. Meanwhile, however, he had sent messengers and telegrams to every one of my superiors. First came Voss, the director, then Bastian, then His Excellency Schöne, then Minister von Gossler, and last of all, the Imperial Commissioner for Receiving Collections, Privy Councilor Weinmanns. I had to explain the incident privately to each of these individuals in turn. They all said that my conduct was quite proper, but it was imprudent to irritate Schliemann. Finally Schliemann apologized and invited me to dine with him.

My dinner with Schliemann was a rather remarkable experience. He lived quite sumptuously in what was then known as the Park Hotel. Our table stood on a glassed-in veranda looking toward the street. Schliemann ordered first a bottle of Moselle wine. Before the wine arrived, two waiters placed a chair on either side of him, and piled newspapers on them until the chair-arms were completely out of sight. It would have taken Schliemann all day just to glance over the papers in the two heaps. Then the soup came. Schliemann fell upon it ravenously, although it was very hot,

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evouring simultaneously a great Engsh newspaper lying on the table to is left. Next a waiter brought him ll the dishes on the menu together, vhile I had the courses served sepırately in the usual order. Schliemann aid his paper aside for a moment, and ısing his knife and fork with lightning rapidity, emptied the whole collection of plates of their fish, meat, vegetables, and pastry; he then seized another paper, and resumed his reading. His eyesight was very bad, and he had to hold his paper almost at the end of his nose. He would jerk it aside for an instant, spear something at random with his fork, and thrust it in his mouth. His meal was finished in a couple of minutes, and he wanted to get back to the Museum. That did not suit me in the least. I was still eating my fish. We had hardly spoken a word. It seemed a great waste of money to pay for so much excellent food and not enjoy it; so I seized the wine bottle and pouring another glass for Schliemann, said with a smile: 'Please keep your seat a moment.' Then I ate my fish at leisure. He looked at me with some irritation, whereupon I told him that I was no longer surprised at the condition of his nerves; that he was ruining them by his hasty eating. He looked at me with growing astonishment. As I ate my roast, I reminded him that he wished to tell me something. 'Ah,' he remarked, 'I only wanted to apologize again,' and he stretched his hand to me across the table. In a moment he was buried in another paper. That afternoon at the Museum, I delivered a long lecture to him upon his nervousness and his way of eating. He listened to me seriously, nodded, and said: 'Honestly, I should like you to teach me to eat.' I assented to this, with the understanding that he was to select whatever dishes he wished, but that I was to arrange the order of his eating. He consented to this, and the very next day the lessons started.

We took our seats at our former table in the Park Hotel. The waiters appeared with the two chairs and their arms full of newspapers, but were kindly and courteously told by me that they might take them all away. They looked inquiringly at Schliemann, who waved his hand at me, and said: 'My doctor orders it.' I did the same thing when, after the soup, the waiter tried to bring Schliemann all the other courses together. 'Please bring them in their proper order,' I said, much to the man's surprise. Schliemann nodded to indicate it was all right. We had a pleasant conversation. Schliemann was a gifted, highly intelligent, and interesting man. Yet we did not take more than half an hour for our dinner. Good humor prevailed all that afternoon, and Schliemann declared that he was quite free from a troublesome headache which usually bothered him the latter half of the day. He promised to follow my table régime faithfully thereafter. On one later occasion he absent-mindedly tried to return to his old customs; but I forbade it, and eventually he really learned how to dine.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

'AS RIVERS OF WATER IN A DRY PLACE'

BY ANNA DE BARY

[*London Mercury*]

LONELY, lonely lay the hill,
Not a bird was there to sing,
Not a bee was there to drone;
The sky, unbrushed of any wing,
Hung above me like a stone,
And scarce my feet obeyed my will,
As heavily I walked alone.

Then, like a tender memory,
Crept up from off the lifeless ground
The low, melodious, lovely sound
Of water lapsing secretly.
A little sunken stream I found,
And all the way was sweet to me.

O ancient music, earliest heard,
Ere time was born or any bird,
When first above the chaos wild
The brooding Spirit breathed and stirred;
O first-born music, undefiled,
Clear as the laughter of a child,
Fresh as God's latest word!

UNBIDDEN GUESTS

BY ALEXANDER GRAY

[*Saturday Review*]

MY thoughts are not my own:
Unbidden guests, they crowd
Upon me when alone,
With footsteps soft or loud.

And some I would drive hence
With scourgings if I could,
But I have no defense
Against their hardihood.

And others I entreat
With pleading tears to stay.
Alas, their timid feet
Are swift to haste away!

WHEN BLACKTHORN WHISPERS

BY LOUIS GOLDING

[*New Witness*]

WHEN blackthorn whispers on young boughs,
Winter bides skeptic in his house.
When daffodils glow under trees,
Winter is doubtful at the knees.
When cuckoo calls and cuckoo calls,
The last rear-post of Winter falls.
Now drowsing primroses give way
To hyacinth drooped in disarray,
Until when hawthorn floods the shires
Springtime is lusty with bird-choirs.
Hark the birds' flute, the trees' bas soon,
When red-rose bloods the breast of June!

But ah! when Summer's self is come,
Poets and birds are dazed, are dumb.

ANTICIPATIONS

BY J. R. J.

[*Sunday Times*]

I LOVE preliminary things,
The tuning-up of flutes and strings;
The little scales musicians play
In varying keys to feel their way;
The hum — the hush in which it dies;
But most to see the curtain rise.

I love preliminary things,
The little box the postman brings;
To cut the twine, to break the seals,
And wonder what the lid reveals;
To lift the folds in which it lies
And watch the gift materialize.

The snowdrop and the daffodil,
The catkins hanging straight and still,
The blossom on the orchard trees.
Do you know greater joys than these?
Each represents the hope that springs
In all preliminary things.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

BRITISH REVIEWERS ON MR. JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Jurgen, Mr. James Branch Cabell's fantasy, the American edition of which was suppressed last year, has sold out the entire three thousand copies of its English edition without rousing any very vigorous protest. 'Solomon Eagle' (J. C. Squire, editor of the *London Mercury*) suggests in the *Outlook* that most of the sales may have been 'to Mr. Cabell's American admirers, who are numerous,' but *Jurgen* has had many reviews and the British reading public is quite clearly interested.

There is a grateful absence of moral attitudes among the critics. No one, indeed, seems to find *Jurgen* very remarkable, if we except Mr. John Cournos, who, in the *Daily Herald* declares flatly, 'I pity anyone who does not like this book.' If Mr. Cournos is going to extend his pity to those of his brother critics who do not like *Jurgen* very much, he will have a good deal of pitying on his hands, beginning with Mr. Squire ('Why the book should find admirers here, I don't know'), Maurice Hewlett, who has already had his say on *Jurgen* in the United States, and Mr. Edward Shanks, assistant editor of the *London Mercury* ('He can, as they say, touch many keys and they are all out of tune.') He may even have to pity such comparatively friendly critics as Mr. W. L. Courtney of the *Daily Telegraph* ('It is at once distasteful and arresting'), and 'E.G.' of the *Manchester Guardian* ('It is inartistic, to say the least of it, to plunder all the literatures to create a fantastic romance on the model of an American cocktail.')

Solomon Eagle (Mr. Squire) is tolerant as usual. If Missouri were a British colony, we should know whence he hails. He demands to be shown. His mind is not quite made up: —

> Here is a book which one man calls an immortal masterpiece and another says is worthless, which one finds perpetually amusing and another thinks dull, which one declares to be written with unique exquisiteness, and in which another finds no beauty or music whatever. . . .
>
> I borrowed it for a week-end and went right through it, and I cannot say that it excited or amused me at any point. Long training as a reviewer has accustomed me to sustain boredom with patience, and I did finish it. It left me completely puzzled. Great labor and some learning had gone to the making of it; it was clear that the author was at great pains to give his writing the rich flavor of antiquity, and that he knew the sort of human and the sort of cynical wit at which he was aiming. But to me he never seemed to hit the target. I never smiled, I was never captivated by Mr. Cabell's fancifulness. I was never interested in Jurgen's adventures, and when I suspected that Mr. Cabell had a 'deep meaning,' I was not in the least curious to know what it was. I thought his style utterly devoid of charm, a fitful, crushed affair. . . .

Mr. Shanks, Mr. Squire's colleague, writing in the *Spectator*, is more vigorous and less judicial. His article bristles like a porcupine — 'Mr. Cabell's flat and uninteresting symbolism,' 'a little cheap cynicism, a little vulgar flippancy, a little demure pruriency, things which make the water turbid,' 'translating music-hall jokes into pseudo-mediæval jargon,' 'shallow and obtuse humor,' 'the transition from cheap flippancy to affected sentimentality.' Mr. Shanks appears to have spent a most unhappy afternoon over the book he had to review.

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There is, to be sure, another side, and it is refreshing to find the *Daily Herald* — the hue of whose political opinions is vivid Russian Red — in complacent agreement with the highly Conservative *Saturday Review*, so far as the merits of *Jurgen* are concerned. Mr. Cournos, of the *Daily Herald*, read the American edition before its suppression, but when the English edition appeared he renewed his acquaintance 'with undiminished pleasure.' *Jurgen* has 'peculiar charm' — indeed, Mr. Cournos can hardly keep from saying 'genius'; it is 'a kind of fairy tale, light and fantastic, Rabelaisian in mood, but its irony will be best appreciated by those of or drifting toward middle age.' The *Saturday Review* praises Mr. Cabell's book as 'a harmless and beautiful romance,' with 'a profusion of all things incredible and magnificent.'

The Nation and the Athenæum's anonymous critic is perhaps most successful in rendering an evenly balanced verdict. Like all critics, he is painfully eager to demonstrate that he is quite shockproof; hence he assures us that 'over here Mr. Cabell's industrious efforts to shock will not excite, but it would be a pity if boredom at this aspect of his book were allowed to distract us from its merits.' To these merits he does full justice: *Jurgen* 'does most successfully reproduce the atmosphere of the fairy tale,' but 'what is the matter with him and his creator is that they have no gusto, no zest. Mr. Cabell writes not from enthusiasm, but from a deep accidie.'

The last phrase is hoisting the engineer with his own petar with a vengeance, for Chaucer's word *accidie* (sloth, negligence) is just the sort of archaism by which some of Mr. Cabell's own most characteristic effects are produced. Finally, the critic concludes that the author displays a commendable tenderness in the concluding part of his book — 'and though his tenderness is rathe superior, it is sincere.'

Figures of Earth, another of Mr. Cabell's books which has recently appeared in England, has not stirred up so much comment, nor — to tell the truth — has it been nearly so much praised. The *Observer* complains that

> Mr. Cabell is an elaborator. He takes one idea and makes upon it a great number of variations, some amusing, some frankly dull, some melancholy, some indiscreet, and some merely silly. . . . It gets a little tiresome when it is repeated chapter after chapter, and every new incident is simply an old incident dressed in new clothes. Mr. Cabell is that very usual figure in American literature of to-day, the disappointed romantic.

Is Mr. Cabell a romantic? Perhaps, but first we must know: What *is* a romantic? *The Nation and the Athenæum* settles this point: 'If you can remember that you look picturesque in chain armor, instead of simply being acutely aware of your physical discomfort, you are a romantic.'

The thing to do, apparently, is to dress Mr. Cabell in a made-to-order suit of armor, and ask him whether he feels comfortable.

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GERMAN FISHERMEN MAKE REPARATION

GERMANY has made reparation in full — so far, at least, as the fish killed by artillery fire in the lakes of Picardy are concerned. During the war so many shells fell into these lakes, for which the district is famous, that when the French fishermen sallied out once more, after the Armistice, they found their fishing-grounds a desert. Almost all the fish had been slaughtered.

Enter here the champion of French fish, M. de Tarade, a former officer of the Chasseurs Alpins, who plunged into the hurly-burly of reparation negotiations and emerged with a mandate for

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0,000 live fish. Armed with his mante, M. de Tarade went to Saxony in rson. The freemasonry of anglers rmounted the hatreds of war. Saxon hermen not only provided the fish ith the utmost cheerfulness, but they ren sent an expert with them on the ay to France. The water was renewed ith oxygen every four hours, and at ie end of the journey not one fatality ad occurred. The German fish, like ood internationalists, entered into the pirit of the occasion, and, according to ne account, 'took to the French waters ike exiles returning home.'

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FORTHCOMING ENGLISH BOOKS

ENGLISH publishers announce a number of significant new books by distinguished writers for publication within the next few months. Mr. Thomas Hardy is said to contemplate publishing a new book of poems some time during the year. Mr. H. G. Wells has finished the novel on which he has been engaged for some time, *The Secret Places of the Heart* — 'the secrets, no doubt, will be given away,' comments *The Nation and the Athenæum*. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who views with a hostile eye the biologists who presume to pronounce on heredity, has written *Eugenics and Other Evils*, a book which bears obvious relation to his articles in the *New Witness*. The new Wells and the new Chesterton books will be published by Cassells within a few weeks. The Oxford University Press is reproducing in collotype, with one hundred and sixteen plates, six of which are in color, the 1790 edition of Gray's poems, illustrated by William Blake. The discovery of the Blake drawings in Hamilton Palace was announced by Professor H. J. C. Grierson in November 1919. Professor Grierson contributes an introduction to the reprint. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce a new novel by Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of *If Winter Comes*. It will be called *This Freedom*.

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THE GILBERTIAN 'TOM FOOL'

'TOM FOOL,' who adds the saving grace of humor to the *Daily Herald*, — otherwise the most uncompromisingly Red organ in Great Britain, — is moved to ridicule by an interviewer's report of his conversation with Signora Duse. The Italian actress was describing the time when she was the guest of a lady in Chelsea, and, said the interviewer, with a note of awed amaze: 'She even remembered the number in Cheyne-walk, 93 or 98.' Tom Fool asserts that he possesses an infallible memory of that kind, himself, and in his lines to 'The Perfect Recollection,' almost catches the right Gilbertian swing: —

One March or June, as it befell,
In Denmark or Japan,
I met a black-haired demoiselle
Or fair-haired gentleman.

We found a boat without much search,
Or got into a car,
And hastened to the nearest church
Or nearer public bar;

And ere a man could utter 'knife!'
To my extreme amaze,
The parson tied me up for life
Or the judge for seven days.

This happened in my latter youth
Or early infancy,
And either is the gospel truth
Or else a thumping lie.

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IS IT G. BERNARDOVITCH SHAWSTEIN?

The Clerical Party's journal, *Uj Lap*, of Budapest, has uncovered the mystery at last. A play by the master dramatist whom a misguided world calls 'Shaw' has been played with great success in Hungary, but the sleuths who edit *Uj Lap* are not to be deceived. At all costs they will expose the villain. Hence: —

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An uncommonly popular theatrical piece is now being performed in Budapest. Its author is a certain 'Bernard Shaw.' We, for one, are eager to know the actual name of this international Socialist and notorious Hebrew who masquerades as an Englishman!

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THE VOGUE OF OLD BOOKS

'Books we must have though we lack bread,' wrote Eugene Field years ago, and an article by the London correspondent of the *Scotsman* indicates that modern bibliomaniacs are not a whit behind their predecessors: —

A collector of rare books and first editions tells me that this market must be almost the only one that has not slumped during the last year or so. Prices are higher now than they have ever been, and competition to secure valuable books as they come on the market is keener than ever before. This is said to be due to the greater demand for rare books from America, where twenty years ago the European dealers hardly made half-a-dozen sales a year.

Now London dealers all have a number of American clients, who have given them roving commissions to buy for them certain classes of books, with the result that the all-powerful dollar is commanding the position, and incidentally maintaining prices most satisfactorily for those whose circumstances are forcing them to part with their collections. Experts predict that this state of things will continue, because every year the demand from America is steadily growing out of proportion to any increase in the quantities of valuable books available for dispersion.

NATURE-FAKING UP-TO-DATE

How the nature-fakers do it, is revealed by 'Tom Three,' who has scribbled for the *London Sunday Express* some verses that are almost as free as his hero's literary ethics: —

'I must have a little money
For my simple pleasures,'
Sighed the city poet,
In his garret.

He bought for a penny
A book of botany,
And began to write.

He announced, by way of introduction,
That spring was coming,
And then hunted in the index,
Found a long name,
Looked at the picture of it,
And said it was sure to blossom soon.

They called him a Nature Poet;
'Wordsworth,' they said,
'With a touch of John Clare;
Or Ledwidge, with a hint
Of W. H. Davies.'
(Reviewers are so learned.)

He made twenty-three shillings,
Indulged in his simple pleasures,
And died of Russian tea
In a filthy cabaret.

The author of the book of botany
Turned in his grave
Twice.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Lammasch, Heinrich. Vienna: Franz Deuticke, 1921.

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